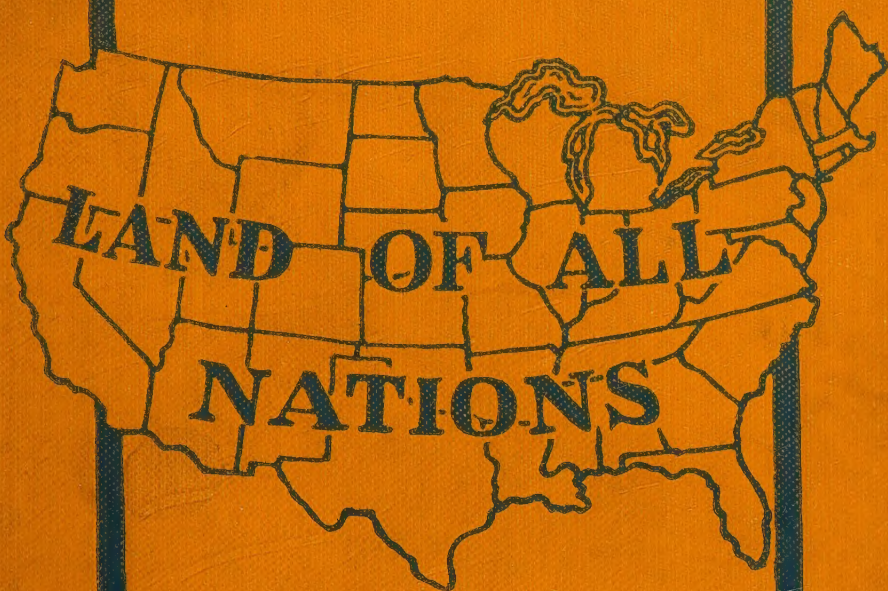




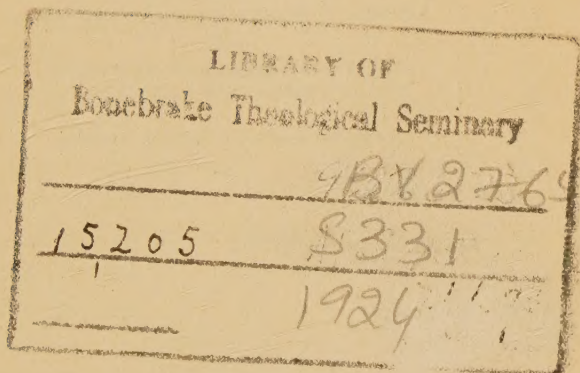
MARGARET R. SEEBACH

Mrs. A. E. Davis
Helena
Ohio.

1927.

Land of All Nations

By **Margaret R. Seebach**
Author of *Martin of Mansfield, Missionary*
Milestones, Other People's Children



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PREFACE

WHAT is America? and whom do we mean when we speak of Americans? Are they those who were born on the soil of the United States? But these speak many languages, and have varying customs and ideas. Do we mean those whose ancestors came here a few generations further back? But where shall we draw the line, and how long does it take to make an American? Do we mean those who have been here from the beginning, whose history shows no former life as a race in any other land? Then we should have to admit that, as far as we know, the red man is the only real American.

Perhaps we can all agree in saying that real Americans are those who have the spirit and ideals of America. But where did America get these ideals? They were not brought here by a single group of people. They did not come from one race alone, but are made up of the ideals of many nations. And the greatest one of all—the one we call the American spirit of equality and brotherhood—did not even come from the Anglo-Saxon race, but from a Man who went about long ago in a little country called Judea, and taught people to love and help one another.

The sketches in this book are stories of real Americans, although they are of different races. Each of them has brought the best gifts of his race to contribute

to the making of the true America; and all of them have that highest ideal, and are serving and helping others in the name of the Christ who brought a message of good-will to all people. If we are able to catch their spirit, and are willing to work with them—and with many others like them—to make this “Land of All Nations” a land of Christian brotherhood, we shall come one day to understand what St. John meant when he saw the vision of the Perfect Country, and wrote, “They shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.”

MARGARET R. SEEBACH

PHILADELPHIA, OHIO
March, 1924

Land of All Nations

I

A STUDENT OF TWO BOOKS

DARKNESS had settled over the village of Diamond Grove, Missouri, and over the surrounding farm-land. It was at the close of the Civil War, and though the slaves had been freed, most of them still remained on the lands of their former owners. So the farms had yet their Negro quarters, overrunning with bright-eyed, kinky-haired children, who were now cuddled together like little brown birds in their nests, forgetting the day in sleep.

Suddenly there rang through the air the shriek of a woman and the wailing of a tiny baby. Moses Carver, owner of the farm, sprang from his bed and ran out toward the flash of torches which gleamed from the Negro quarters. A sobbing boy ran almost into his arms. Mr. Carver caught him.

"What is it, James?" he asked.

"De night-riders . . . dey done took mammy an' de baby!" sobbed the child. "Dey's lookin' for me now, I 'spect!"

"Come, I'll take you where they will not get you!" said the kind farmer, soothingly. "Out here in the woods I know a place where they won't find you. We must get back your mother and the baby, too. Poor Mary! there they go with her."

And crouching in the underbrush, the white man and the Negro boy watched the torches disappear.

The marauders rode off into Arkansas with Mary Carver and her baby, who were called, as slaves usually were, by the name of their owner. In those regions, remote from the enforcement of law, little attention was paid to the edict that had freed the slaves, and the raiders found no difficulty in selling the robust young Negro woman. It was a different matter with the puny baby, who had developed whooping-cough on the journey and was so nearly dead that the raiders thought he could not live more than a few days.

As a consequence, when a man sent by Mr. Carver arrived with a fine race-horse and some money to buy back Mary and her baby, he found that the mother had disappeared with her new owner, and that only the sick baby could be rescued. The man knew Mr. Carver well enough to feel sure that he would not want the child to die; so he ransomed the frail scrap of humanity with the blooded horse, valued at three hundred dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Carver had never liked the idea of owning slaves, but that was the only way they could get farm help. "And we will be good to them," they said, "when other owners might not be." Accordingly, James and the ransomed little brother were brought up by the good farmer and his wife as if they were their own children.

As soon as the baby could toddle alone, he began to show an interest in growing things. Wherever he went,

he was never seen without a bunch of something green in his little fist—flowers or weeds, it made no difference so long as it was something that had grown out of the ground. If anyone but the Carvers tried to take his treasure from him, he fought like a small wildcat. He inherited his mother's hot temper. He inherited something else from her too. No matter how much to her disadvantage the truth might be, she had never been known to tell a lie, and perhaps it was because her little son had never been known to tell one either that he was nicknamed "George Washington."

Of his father he knew nothing, except that he had been the property of a neighboring farmer named Grant, and that, while hauling wood with an ox team, he had fallen under the wagon, which passed over him and killed him. Mr. Carver supplied the place of a father to James and George, training them with care.

In this kindly atmosphere, George continued to love everything that lived and grew. Besides his precious weeds, he came to love animal life also, and usually carried a toad or two in his pockets. He even took these odd playmates to bed with him until Mrs. Carver made a rule that he must turn all his pockets inside out before he could come into the house at night.

"I literally lived in the woods," he says, recalling these days. "I wanted to know about every strange stone, flower, insect, bird, or beast, but no one could tell me about them." His only book was an old speller which he knew by heart; but it could not answer his questions, and his wish for an education grew daily.

After ten years on the Carver farm, the elder brother, James, went to live in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Shortly after his brother's departure, George also left the farm, with the consent of the Carvers, to attend a school for Negroes in a town about eight miles away. Here he remained until he had learned all the little school could teach him, sometimes lodging in the cabins of friendly Negroes, and sometimes sleeping in the open fields or in a stable.

When two years had passed, there came an opportunity to go to Fort Scott, Kansas, with a family who were moving there. They traveled in a wagon drawn by mules, but the slow rate of progress made the journey only the more interesting to the nature-loving boy. Every new plant along the way, every strange bird or curious stone, was a fresh delight to him.

For six or seven years he went to school at Fort Scott, supporting himself by doing cooking and all sorts of housework in various families.

"Here," he says, "I began to feel renewed gratitude toward Mrs. Carver, who taught me to cook and to sew and make embroidery, which I have done ever since. They were the means of supporting myself through many hard years." Indeed, he has a gift for beautiful embroidery, and of his crochet-work he has a wonderful collection that includes more than a hundred original patterns.

At the age of nineteen he went back to Missouri to spend some time with the Carvers. He was so small at this time that he rode on a half-fare ticket, and the

conductor expressed doubts about his being old enough to travel so far alone! A year later he began to grow rapidly, and shot up to six feet before he was twenty-one.

After a happy summer with his old friends, he returned to Minneapolis, Kansas, to finish his high-school work. He opened a laundry here to support himself, and soon had all the work he could do.

During this time the sad news came to him that his brother James had died of smallpox. "I was conscious as never before that I was left alone," he says; "but I trusted God and pushed ahead."

He graduated from high school and applied for entrance to an Iowa college. His application was accepted, and he spent almost his last cent to reach the place. But when the president saw that he was a Negro, he refused to admit him into the college. The boy stayed on in town and, in order to accumulate more funds, opened a laundry which was well patronized by the students as soon as they learned his story.

The following spring he went to Winterset, Iowa, as cook in a large hotel.

It was in Winterset that George attended service one Sunday evening in a church for white people, taking an inconspicuous seat in a rear pew. The next day a fine-looking man called at the hotel and asked him to go home with him, saying that his wife wanted to see him. To his surprise, he found that the gentleman's wife was the soprano soloist of the choir he had heard the night before. Still greater was his astonishment

on being told that she had heard his voice as he sang in the church, and had been greatly attracted by its quality. Leading the way to the piano, she asked him to sing for her, and after several songs it was arranged that he should come to her house once a week for vocal instruction. From that time on, Mr. and Mrs. Millholland have been among George Carver's warmest and most helpful friends. He formed the habit of going to their home each evening and telling them what he had been doing all day. After this recital, Mrs. Millholland would laugh and say, "Who ever heard of any one person doing half so many things!"

The Millhollands discovered that George was talented not only in singing, but in painting as well. They encouraged him to study music and art seriously, and to save his money with a view of going to college. In a year he had saved enough to enter Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa, where, in addition to the regular work, he registered for courses in art and music.

By the time Carver had paid all his entrance fees at Simpson, he had exactly ten cents left to live on. He bought five cents' worth of corn-meal, and five cents' worth of beef suet, and on these he lived for one entire week. By the end of that time, he had managed to advertise his willingness to do laundry work, and thereafter he never lacked for employment.

His course in art did not last very long. After the third lesson, the instructor asked him not to come to classes, saying that he was a natural artist and that the rest of the lessons would not teach him anything

he did not already know. Though he did not study again under a formal instructor, painting was always his favorite recreation, and his first painting, exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, was valued at four thousand dollars.

Three years at Simpson College quickened his old desires to know all about the wonders of nature. By this time there had entered into his curiosity the conviction of a plan and purpose in the whole creation.

"My watchword was, 'I want to know.' I wanted to know how a plant grows, where the blossom gets its color, why God makes each thing, and why I can't make things as well as God makes them. What is my relation to the plants and their relation to me? What is the relation of the plants and myself to the great God who made all of us?"

So he decided to take a course in agricultural chemistry, and for that purpose went to Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa.

Again he supported himself at first by laundry work; but after he had taken his bachelor's degree, he was put in charge of the greenhouses of the institution and given direction of the work in systematic botany. It was here that he learned the answers to many of the questions that had been puzzling him, and began to catch glimpses of still greater wonders to be revealed. At length he received his master's degree in science. "I was not weaned away from art and music," he says, "but science seemed to be more useful and practical."

At this time, that great industrial school for the

Negro, Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, was in the early stages of its growth. The great buildings on the present campus were, in those days, scarcely dreamed of; but even then large numbers of wide-awake, eager young people were filling its temporary sheds—one of them a remodeled hen-house. New possibilities for their race were opening before them.

The head of this institution, Booker T. Washington, had an almost prophetic foresight of what might be done for his people, not by taking them out of the surroundings in which they lived, but by teaching them to use the minds and the hands God had given them, and to discover the gifts He had hidden for them in the soil they lived on. To develop this work he needed a man trained in just those branches which George Carver had been studying at Iowa State College. In some way Mr. Washington was directed to write to the college and ask if they could recommend a teacher of science for Tuskegee. The faculty replied that they had the very man for him. And so it happened that, in the year 1894, George Carver journeyed southward to Alabama, to take up his life work at Tuskegee Institute.

Science was a new subject at Tuskegee. When the young teacher arrived, he found no equipment for experiments of any kind. Nor had the school any money to buy apparatus for him; but the motto of Tuskegee was then, as it is now, "Use what you have."

So the new professor sent his students out through the village of Tuskegee to visit the alleys and rubbish

piles, and to bring him whatever they could find in the way of broken china, empty bottles, and bits of rubber and wire. Out of these fragments he made apparatus for his laboratory, and began work.

As he went about his task of collecting and studying the plants that grew around Tuskegee, Carver was accustomed to carry a long, slender botany case, about a yard in length, in which to place his specimens. Nothing like it had ever been seen in that neighborhood, and it aroused great curiosity among the Negroes.

"I knows what he is!" declared more than one old "mammy," with a look of wisdom. "Needn't nobody tell me nothin' about dat man! He's a root-doctor (conjurer), dat's what he is!" And many of the Negroes came to him to ask him for "spells" or "charms" out of the long case he carried, to ease "de misery" in their backs, cure their sick cows, or keep away thunder-storms.

One of the great objects of the school at Tuskegee is, not to educate young men and women in such a way that they will leave the ignorance and poverty of their home surroundings to seek for success in business or professional life; but rather to show them that it is not necessary for their homes to be meager and wretched, when those homes can be so greatly improved simply by knowing how to use the things about them. Tuskegee aims to make its students eager to return to their homes, and able to transform them because of what they have learned in school.

As time went on, Carver's discoveries in the labora-

tory grew to be of such importance that it was decided to let him stop conducting classes and give his whole time to research and experiment.

It was discovered that there were two ways of getting at the problem of making a new life for the southern Negro. One was to find out what kind of crops the soil would support and to introduce new plants. This Dr. Carver has done with the eight-foot-high tropical grass from Africa which he has successfully grown at Tuskegee, and which, by successive cuttings, yields four crops of fodder in a year.

The other, and still more practical way, was to study the possibilities of the things that already grew in abundance—the natural products of the land. This has been Dr. Carver's greatest work, and its results are truly like magic.

Starting with the commonest of crops, he began to study the products which could be obtained from the peanut and the sweet potato. These are plants which are easy to raise. They produce in great abundance even in poor soil, and do not take away as much fertility from the ground as do many other crops; in fact the peanut actually enriches the soil it grows in. Indeed, the value of the experiments in agriculture at Tuskegee is greatly increased by the fact that the twenty-three hundred acres of land belonging to the Institute are naturally poor soil, so that anything that can be raised at the Institute is capable of being grown on the poorest land in the neighborhood.

From the sweet potato Dr. Carver has succeeded in



GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

The motto of Tuskegee Institute is "Use what you have." Mr. Carver had peanuts and potatoes and brains. Out of them he made nearly three hundred useful products.

making four varieties of flour, five kinds of library paste, three kinds of breakfast foods, two kinds of coffee, fourteen varieties of candy, forty-five dyes, ranging from jet black to a rich orange; as well as starch, vinegar, ink, shoe blacking, molasses, fillers for wood, and substances closely resembling cocoanut, chocolate, tapioca, and preserved ginger, and a rubber compound which may prove to be his most valuable invention. Thus, from sweet potatoes alone, over a hundred products have been derived in his laboratory, each and all of which can be readily manufactured for practical use.

Still more remarkable are the one hundred and sixty-five products which Dr. Carver has developed from the peanut. These range from flour to axle grease, and from a drug resembling quinine to a fine quality of linoleum. They also include pomade, wood stains of nine different colors, nineteen dyes, Worcestershire sauce, soap, and nitroglycerine. Sprouted peanuts are much like very tender asparagus, and peanut germs are an ideal food for pigeons and young chicks. Peanut milk can hardly be told from cows' milk, and keeps just about as well; it makes a smooth and delicious ice-cream.

In fact, Dr. Carver declares that "if all the other kinds of vegetable foodstuffs in the world were destroyed, a well-balanced ration could be made for both man and beast from peanuts and sweet potatoes."

These are only two of the many members of the vegetable kingdom with which he has had great success.

From the pecan nut he has made over sixty different articles, and the list is still increasing. He is working now on okra, from the fiber of which he has already made paper, rope, matting, and carpeting. Potash and stock feed have been produced from the china-berry; ribbons from the poplar bark; baskets from the wistaria vine; and many varieties of blues, including water-soluble laundry blue made from red clay. Dyes made from dandelion, black oak, wood ashes, sweet gum, willow, swamp maple, muscadine grapes, onions, velvet beans, and tomato vines are among his discoveries. A business organization known as the "Carver Products Company" has recently been formed to manufacture and market these articles.

More and more Dr. Carver has come to feel that nothing God has made is without its use. In the soil He has locked up all we need to support and beautify life; the key is for the man who seeks for it. Looking at the hills around, unsuited for farming, this earnest believer in Providence felt that they could not have been made in vain. There came to his mind the words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"; and encouraged by them, he went forth to find what hills are good for.

As a result, some of his most interesting experiments have been those he has made with the various kinds of sand and clay to be found about Tuskegee, which have furnished nearly every color for dyes and paints. In these his artistic soul takes delight, and he has used them in creating many pictures. He uses

no brush, but applies all the colors with his thumb. Some of these pictures, made with clay, look like water-colors; others are "sand pictures," made by covering a smooth board with shellac and applying the different sands before it dries. He has many specimens of these pictures, including landscapes, fruit, and flower pieces.

But these discoveries are not worked out merely for his own pleasure. Dr. Carver considers every one of them as a direct gift of God through him to his people, and feels that nothing matters quite so much just now as how to make them known and how to get them used by the people of the South.

About fifteen years ago, a "health car" passed through Tuskegee, demonstrating the different ways of preventing and curing disease. Booker Washington and Dr. Carver were standing together watching it, and Mr. Washington said:

"We ought to have a car like that going round the country."

"We need more than that!" said Carver. "We need an exhibit of all the things that help people to live better—foodstuffs and useful articles of all kinds."

From this suggestion came the beginning of a series of efforts to get the results of the Tuskegee discoveries and experiments into use among the people of the South.

The latest method of doing this is known as the "Movable School." This is a truck that goes out from Tuskegee, carrying both men and women from

the Institute, with various models and exhibits. It stops at the home of some Negro who has previously given permission to have his place used for demonstration purposes—usually the poorest place in the neighborhood. The Negroes gather from all directions to see the transformation.

The young men, aided by the owner, set to work on the outside of the property. They show him how to make new fences, to replace the broken ones, making posts of the flint and sand to be found right there on the place, molded into a sort of concrete. They help him make a new roof, show him how to improve his garden and field by fertilizing and better planting and cultivation; mend his outbuildings, and finally give the entire house, inside and out, and the various sheds, a coat of kalsomine colored with the clays discovered by Dr. Carver, who has arranged cards with color schemes for making the appearance of such a place beautiful and harmonious.

Meantime the young women help the wife to put everything in spotless order within the house. They teach her new recipes, using in different ways the food-stuffs raised on the place; they give her lessons in sewing and mending and the care of children; and they teach her to make various useful household articles, using as far as possible only materials which are right at hand.

Indeed, this is the motto of the whole Tuskegee work, given by Booker Washington to his students and faculty, and made by Dr. Carver the watchword of

his life: "Let down your buckets where you are!" "And my bucket," says Dr. Carver, "has always come up brimful and running over." It is his firm belief that, wherever God has placed a man, there He has put everything that man needs to live by, if the man will only search for it. One of his favorite verses is the one in the first chapter of Genesis, in which God speaks to man of every herb and tree He has created, saying, "To you it shall be for meat." Another of his mottoes, constantly repeated, in the light of which he has achieved all of his most wonderful discoveries, is, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

To such a man come great honors and opportunities, though he never seeks them. A few years ago, Mr. Edison sent a special representative to Tuskegee, to offer Dr. Carver a large salary to come and work with him for five years in his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey. Dr. Carver considered the offer a great honor, but firmly though humbly declined it.

"I felt," he said, "that God was not through with me yet at Tuskegee; there is still plenty of work to do for Him here."

When Congress was considering the advisability of placing a tariff on peanuts, Dr. Carver was called before the Ways and Means Committee of the House for consultation. The Committee had allotted him five minutes for a hearing, and he kept carefully within the limit; but when he stopped, they urged him to go on and he talked for more than an hour. He is now

frequently called to Washington as an expert in agricultural chemistry.

He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts in London, though he does not know who proposed him for membership, and declares himself unworthy of the honor. He received, also, the Spingarn Medal for 1922, presented to "that man or woman of African descent and American citizenship who shall have made the highest achievement during the preceding year or years in any honorable field of human endeavor." This is the highest honor that can come to any member of the Negro race.

The impression which Dr. Carver's work, as explained by himself, makes on those who hear him on the many occasions when he is invited to all parts of the South to tell of his discoveries and their uses, is shown by an incident which occurred at Suffolk, Virginia. After his address, a white woman came pushing her way through the crowd, and asked to be introduced to him. Looking earnestly in his face, she exclaimed abruptly:

"You didn't do that work!"

"No," he said, catching her meaning in spite of her bluntness, "no, it isn't my work; it is God's work!"

"Yes, it is His work," said the woman, "and He gave it to you to do for Him. You could never have done it alone!"

At one time Dr. Carver was invited by William Holtzclaw, a Tuskegee graduate, who is the head of an institute at Utica, Mississippi, to make an address

before the school. Before his arrival, a white man came to the principal and said:

"Look here; I want to ask one question of you. Is this man who is coming a real black man, or is he partly white? So many of your leaders have a good bit of white blood, and of course we know that's what makes them brilliant. Now, is this a real Negro, or not?"

"This," said Holtzclaw, "is a real black man; but come and see him for yourself."

After hearing Dr. Carver's address, the white man sought the principal again.

"Say," he demanded, "what is that man, anyhow? Is he educated, or is he a freak?"

Dr. Carver's only comment, when told about it, was: "Well, you can't wonder that they feel that way about us. But as a matter of fact, what I am doing is not just the result of education. I am not merely educated; I am *led*, in the doing of this work."

His love for all living things makes everything in nature dear to him. He is never seen without some kind of flower or leaf in his buttonhole. Not long ago he was asked to prepare a book on botany, and another on chemistry. The botany he is now engaged upon; but when asked whether he would also write the chemistry, he shook his head.

"I do not care so much for chemistry," he said. "That is about dead things—metals and acids and salts. It is the living things I love—the plants that grow, that God has given life as He gave it to you and me!"

Dearest of all to him are the hours he spends with his Bible classes. These are held every Sunday evening during the half-hour between supper and evening prayers.

About fourteen years ago, the young man who acted as janitor of the agricultural building asked permission of Dr. Carver to use one of the rooms. It was granted, and the next Sunday, seeing a light in his own office, Dr. Carver was curious enough to look in and see what was going on. He found the janitor and two other students so deeply absorbed in their Bibles that they did not see or hear him at the door. The following day they came and told him that they had started a Bible class and that they had elected him teacher! He protested that he could not teach them anything like that, but they insisted. So he began with the first chapter of Genesis, and brought specimens from his laboratory to show how science agrees with the Bible about the order in which the plants and animals were created.

From this small beginning there has grown a class of more than two hundred pupils to whom he explains the two books of God—the book of nature and the written word. Between these two, he declares, there is no disagreement; such variance as there appears to be is due to our ignorance, and the more we know of science, the more we see that it is one with the teaching of God's word.

He illustrates everything as he goes, from the facts with which his work has made him familiar. The plague of locusts is just like one he saw while living

in Kansas, when the daylight was darkened by the hosts of flying insects. The spies knew that the Promised Land was "flowing with milk and honey," because they saw everywhere the long grass, and God never makes a country like that without putting cattle in it; and they gathered the grapes of Eshcol, which proved there were bees; for without the bee, which carries pollen to fertilize the grape blossoms, the vine could not produce such marvelous bunches of fruit. Thus every step of the study is illumined by the facts of nature, which he believes are the truth of God as really as the words of prophets and apostles.

To him there is nothing that is not a part of his religion, and he passes without a sense of change from the church to the laboratory. A Sunday-night caller once found him in his room, his hands stained from a recent experiment.

"We were talking before church about the okra," he said simply, "and it suggested to me something new; so I just came over here to find out another of the gifts God has put into the okra plant for our use."

For his own race he has a deep love and a great hope.

"I look upon the Negro race," he says, "as a baby race—still in its infancy, not yet grown up like the white race. But you know," he adds with the smile that so often brightens his dark features, "it is written, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'"

II

A MODERN COLUMBUS

IN the little city of Molfetta, a quaint old town of Southern Italy, there was great rejoicing one day over the birth of a baby. The joy was the greater because the baby was a boy, who could carry on the name of his grandfather, Don Costantino, the family hero. When Italy was much oppressed by the Bourbon rulers, in the middle of the last century, Don Costantino had been the leader of a group of patriots who organized to resist that tyranny. Spies informed on them, and they were hastened to prison without trial. Don Costantino, as their leader, was compelled to drink a cup of poison, while his followers were released on promise to conspire no more.

Don Costantino left a widow and six children, among whom his memory was held as that of a saint and hero. That was why, when the little grandson was born, the child was christened Costantino, or Constantine Panunzio. From his birth, his grandmother had charge of his bringing-up, and she never ceased to tell him that he was to be a great man, like his grandfather. She had his future fully planned; he was to be "first a priest, then a teacher, and at last a patriotic statesman."

In these plans she was seconded by her son, Constantine's father, to whom she had contrived to give a

university education. He had become a lawyer of many and varied interests. At one time he established and conducted a private school for boys; he was also a writer and a speaker of some note, especially on the subject of clean politics, in which he was deeply interested.

At times Constantine's father was a stern ruler in his household, and in after life the boy remembered many severe punishments, most of them for truancy from school. At other times, his father was a delightful companion, taking the boy on walks and fishing trips. He almost overwhelmed him with tenderness when Constantine lost the sight of one eye while playing with fireworks, as the boys did at Christmas time, for in Italy fireworks were a part of the Christmas celebration.

Not every Christmas was as sad as that one; indeed, to the Panunzio children it was the happiest festival of the year. Although the Italian children had no Christmas trees or exchange of gifts (in Italy, St. Nicholas' Day, January fifth, was the time to hang up stockings, or rather, boots), on Christmas Day everybody feasted on the best fruits of the year, carefully saved for that occasion; and the carol-singing sounded like the voices of angels on the quiet air of night.

The Panunzio children—four girls and four boys—had a pretty household custom at Christmas. For days beforehand they would hunt for the prettiest letter-paper they could find, with decorations or mot-

toes printed on it. Then each one would try to compose the best letter or little poem to express his love for his father and mother. These were hidden about the parents' plates, and "the best part of the Christmas dinner was to hear Father and Mother read the letters we had written, and then pronounce which one was the best."

The Christmas Midnight Mass in the Cathedral was a wonderful service, with blazing candles and glorious music. But better yet the children loved the home ceremony of the Presepio—the Manger. They would work for days before Christmas to make a miniature Bethlehem, bringing home sod and planting little twigs in it for trees, making tiny houses and winding roads. Then amid this scenery they would place little terra-cotta figures kept carefully from year to year—the wise men with their camels, the shepherds and their flocks, and a tiny stable with Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. Their father would gather them all about it on Christmas Eve, by soft candlelight, and tell them the whole story of the holy birth—the star, and the angels, and the gifts of gold.

He was a wonderful father in many ways, beloved in spite of his occasional sternness; yet he made one great mistake with his eldest son, for he was determined that the boy should follow in his own steps and in those of his grandfather, and persisted in trying to train him for a profession. He lost sight, you see, of the fact that Constantine had had another grandfather, from whom he inherited more than he did from Don

Costantino. This was his mother's father, who had been a sea-captain, and had lost his life in a shipwreck.

From his very earliest days, Constantine seemed to hear the call of the sea. Even his kindergarten books were covered with crude drawings of ships. At every opportunity he would run off to the harbor to watch the vessels go by or to board those that lay at anchor. His toys were always ships. He spent every bit of money he could get for little vessels, which he fitted out with complete rigging. "My dreams at night," he says, "were almost invariably of ships, of oceans, and far countries."

Because of this love of the water, which often led him to play truant from school in spite of the severe punishments he knew he would suffer both from his father and his teacher, Constantine acquired the reputation of being a very bad boy. It was not really that he meant to do wrong; but when he saw the water or a ship, he forgot everything else. The first time he heard a siren whistle, on an English coal freighter, he simply ran to the harbor and stayed there all day waiting to hear it again, forgetting entirely that there was such a thing as school. He and his "gang," made up of other boys who loved the sea, were always getting into scrapes, sometimes dangerous ones, until all his relatives, except his mother and grandmother, had decided that the boy who was to have followed his honored grandfather was good for nothing.

He confirmed this idea by being a rebel against church as well as school. He had never been much interested in religion as it was taught by the priest, and was much better pleased with a book of Bible stories he happened to find one day. How such a book ever got into his home, he never could tell, but he took care to read it in secret, well knowing that his people would call it a bad book and punish him for reading it. "Even so," he said afterwards, "to me that reading was most sweet," particularly the Resurrection story which he thought most wonderful of all.

When he was taken to his first confession, the priest led him into a dark room and told him to kneel, and there came on him a sense of bewilderment and of being imprisoned. A streak of light fell from the partly closed door, and in a flash he had leaped to his feet, rushed out of the door, and gone to play by his beloved sea. Nor did he ever afterward go to confession.

His father, thinking to shame him into going back to school, mistakenly tried to crush the desire for the sea out of the boy, first by putting him to work at various occupations—in a foundry, a soap factory, a blacksmith's shop, and a cobbler's place, and then in the electric plant. The boy liked these new experiences and enjoyed earning the money—which he spent, as usual, on toy ships. The only result was that while working in the soap factory, he learned that the soap he was making was to be sent to

America, and he straightway resolved that he would go to America himself some day.

Then his father, finding the apprenticeship method a failure, sent Constantine back to school, going with him every day to make sure he attended. Finally the boy passed all the grades and was ready to go to a higher school. His grandmother, still clinging to her intention, insisted that he should be sent to the Seminary where boys were trained for the priesthood.

This place was like a dungeon to him, with its dark rooms and long corridors and the iron fence twelve feet high all around the grounds, which the pupils were not allowed to pass. The teachers he hated, especially the professor of mathematics. Once when Constantine had not prepared his lesson, this teacher flew into a fit of anger and struck him so hard with a ruler that he cut the boy's head open. With blood streaming down his face, Constantine ran to the gate and fought with the gateman till he won his way out. His father was very angry with the teacher, and now at last began to see that he could not force the boy to become a student. He did not again send him to school. And so, at the age of thirteen, having convinced everybody that he was not meant for a scholar, certainly not for a priest, Constantine was allowed to ship on a coasting schooner as a sailor boy.

His parting with his people made them all forget their disappointment in him and show the real affection of their hearts. All his uncles and aunts and cousins brought him gifts—a sea-chest, a sailor's bag,

blankets, pillows and slips, clothing, towels and handkerchiefs, and all kinds of eatables. The whole family came to see him off, as his vessel, the *Angelo*, spread her sails to the April breeze.

For a year and a half Constantine voyaged back and forth along the Adriatic. Then he began to long for a wider world. Home was no longer a place to return to, for his grandmother had died of old age, his mother and father had died in a scarlet fever epidemic which had swept Molfetta, his sisters were married, and the three younger boys had been taken in charge by relatives. Constantine's Uncle Carlo, who was his legal guardian, now gave him permission to embark on longer voyages, and he visited many ports of Europe, from Constantinople to the British Isles.

Still the call of the wide world grew louder, and at last he shipped on a brig bound for America, Australia, and the South Sea Islands.

His ideas of America were very vague. He did not even know that North and South America were different continents. Much that he had heard of America was from sailors who had touched South American ports, and to his mind the name brought a vision of "vast stretches of virgin lands and great, winding rivers," of a leisurely life among easy-going people, in a mild climate. How different he found it, when he landed amid the crowded streets of Boston, to pass his first winter in the rigors of New England!

It was not cold at first, for the ship entered Boston Harbor in July. While it lay there, Constantine de-



CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

The boy Constantine was forever running away to the seaside. The picture shows the man Panunzio (in the center) again running away to sea, this time to study scientifically the conditions under which steerage passengers live while on shipboard.

cided to make an effort to leave the vessel, whose captain was an unjust and brutal man, and return home some other way. He tried at first to get the captain to release him, but got only kicks; so one evening early in September he left the vessel with his sea-chest and sailor bag, and fifty cents in his pocket, to seek a job which would pay his passage home on another vessel.

For five days he lived on one loaf of bread a day, and slept on a recreation pier. On the fifth day he met on the pier a French sailor named Louis. They struck up a friendship, though they had to converse chiefly by signs; and they went about together inquiring for work.

At an Italian boarding-house they were given to understand that there was plenty of work to be had at "peek and shuvle"—the first English words that Constantine learned. He imagined they meant some kind of office work. When he was led to an excavation where men were digging, and saw what "pick and shovel" really were, his heart sank. A "padrone," or labor contractor, made them what they thought a splendid offer of work twelve miles out of Boston, with a "shantee" where they could sleep, a "storo" where they could buy "grosserie" very cheap, and one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, out of which they would pay the "padrone" only fifty cents a week for having got them this "gooda jobba."

After three days on the "gooda jobba," they found that between paying the "padrone," buying groceries

at the prices charged at the company "storo," and paying for the privilege of sleeping in the straw bunks of the "shantee," they would have nothing left of their wages. Not having received a cent of pay, they decided to quit.

They next tried a small manufacturing village, where they applied for work in a woolen mill. The rest of the workmen were Russians, who quickly showed their dislike for the "dagoes"—a word which Constantine now heard for the first time—and made it so unpleasant for them that the boss, fearing a riot, had to ask them to leave. This was the young man's first realization of what race prejudice means, and it hurt him deeply. "It is an ever-present evil spirit," he writes, "felt, though unseen, wounding hearts, cutting souls. It passes on its poison like a serpent from generation to generation." To the breaking down of this evil he was one day to dedicate his life.

The two friends next took an offer to go to the Maine woods at thirty dollars a month, with room and board, to open the way for a new lumber camp. Constantine was no success at this sort of work. "I seemed to have the knack of hitting the tree once and once only in the same place. No one dared work within a radius of twenty yards of me for fear of losing his life." The boss, a patient Scandinavian, set him at dragging logs and finally at fetching water. Once, while hunting a new brook for a larger water supply, he heard a noise and thought he saw a wild animal. Up a tree he went, and stayed there till

night; the men only discovered his whereabouts when they found the bucket at the foot of the tree.

When he and Louis tried to leave the camp, having decided by the ninth day that it was not their kind of work, they found that the captain of the little steamer on which they had reached the place flatly refused to take them across the lake. They realized that their job held them virtually prisoners. But sailors were not going to be held back by a little water. They made a raft of some logs, tying them with ropes and chains they found on the shore; filled two whisky bottles with molasses—the only provisions they could get—and started off to pole across the lake. A Russian who also wanted to leave hailed them as they were pushing off, and begged by gestures to be taken on board; so the three set out on their voyage—"a twentieth-century Tower of Babel on a raft on an American lake." That night they slept in the woods, or the other two did; Constantine spent the night keeping up a fire to drive away wild animals!

The Russian left them in the morning, and the others pushed along shore on their raft. When their molasses was, about exhausted, they found a rival lumber camp, whose boss took pity on them and got the captain of the steamer to take them to a landing-place. The captain kept all Constantine's worldly goods till he could come back and pay for his voyage, which was not until months afterward.

They wandered from one lumber camp to another, as there was no other work to be had. The Italian

boy suffered severely from the cold of the Maine winter, and once was nearly drowned crossing a stream on thin ice. When they reached a French-Canadian camp, Louis found himself more at home; but Constantine, never much of a lumberman, was soon discharged. He left his Sunday trousers with Louis, who had borrowed them and declined to give them up.

In Stacyville, a small hamlet, Constantine went to work for a farmer, whom he believed to be the first "real American" he had met. Had his only impressions of America been what he gained in this village, he would have a poor opinion of it. In all his life, even among sailors, he never heard such profanity and filthy speech as in Stacyville.

There was not a church in the village, though a minister from another town occasionally preached there. Women as well as men smoked pipes, and "liquor flowed freely, though it was in prohibition Maine."

Constantine's boss found his name too long for convenience. At first, for some unknown reason, he called him "Mr. Beefsteak"; on protest, he consented to change his name to Frank Nardi, by which he was known for several years. One thing Stacyville did for him: there was nobody in the community who could speak to him except in English, so he learned the language very fast, if not very correctly.

By spring he had earned enough money to go home to Italy, though it had not been paid to him. He asked his boss for it, but was put off. Finally the

man laughed at him and handed him five dollars, instead of the eighty-five dollars due him, saying he could give him no more.

Constantine was bitterly angry, and determined to go to Boston and get a lawyer to help him collect his wages. He had not money enough to get there, but a friend advised him to steal a ride on a train, and he attempted to do so. He was caught and put off at a station in Vermont, where a big man told him to go with him for the night. The place proved to be the lock-up. Here the boy suffered agonies of humiliation and fear, aided by some Italian scribbles on the wall to the effect that no one who ever entered that cell would leave it alive. In the morning, children threw stones at him behind the bars, and the blacksmith across the street came and spat in his face.

But the good old judge before whom he appeared listened kindly to his story, and did nothing more than to buy him a ticket back to Stacyville. Soon after he returned, his employer left the town; and his successor on the farm paid Constantine's wages regularly. But this man nearly got him into much more serious trouble by making him help smuggle in liquor from Massachusetts, and setting him to sell it in the woods near a fair-ground. He narrowly escaped arrest by the sheriff, and was furious with his boss when he found what an illegal act it was into which he had been entrapped.

Constantine had now grown hopeless of returning to Italy. Yet he felt there must be something better

than this in America, if he could only find it. At this time of discouragement, his good angel was a kind woman, the mother of his employer's wife, who arranged for him to go to her son's home in the town of Sherman till he could find work.

Just before he left Stacyville, he was unwillingly attending a revival meeting of which he understood very little, when there came to him a sense of a new power that could make life better. What caused it he could not tell; but he says, "For the first time I thought of life in terms of service."

At Sherman he truly did find "real Americans." His employer, a farmer by the name of Richmond, was a New England Yankee of the "Uncle Sam" type. Except for a tendency to use strong language when angry, this man was a consistent and earnest Christian, and his wife a woman of "deep spiritual loveliness." Their five daughters were all kind and considerate in their treatment of the young man. The religion of this home was a matter of every-day life, and the grace before meals, family worship, and singing of hymns on Sunday afternoons, beside the services he attended with them at church and Sunday school, gave him a new ideal of Christian living, though the Puritan teaching of the minister was sometimes hard for his warm Italian nature to accept.

At Christmas the family gave him a little New Testament, and he sat up late at night reading it. He liked especially the book of Romans, because it was written to people in his native land. The twelfth

chapter was the first piece of religious teaching that he really understood and took to himself; and he memorized it word for word.

This made him eager to learn better English and many other things. The oldest daughter of the Richmonds was a school-teacher, and he persuaded her to let him attend her school. But the children made fun of this big fellow of twenty who did not know as much as they; they called him names and threw paper wads at him, till Miss Richmond decided to teach him at home.

Late that winter he went to the home of the Butterfields, relatives of the Richmonds in Maine, to help with some lumbering there. Mr. Butterfield one day said to him suddenly, "Frank, my boy, you ought to go to school." It was like a challenge to his wakening mind. Soon after, he read of a poor Italian boy who had worked his way through school and had become a minister. He tried to get help from the village pastor to reach that school, but found little sympathy. Then he wrote to the Italian himself, and got the name of the school, but not much encouragement to go.

While he was waiting for his letter to come, he hung around the post-office so much that he aroused the interest of a policeman who asked him his name, nationality and business, and why he loitered about the office so much. Constantine explained about the letter, and the policeman seemed so approachable that after the letter came, and its contents proved so

disappointing, he went to the policeman and told him about it. The officer drew the whole story from him, took him to the police station (rousing in Constantine's mind some fears of being arrested again), and wrote him a letter to the president of the school, which he then mailed for him.

There proved later to have been a mistake in the address. When an answer did not come, the policeman advised Constantine to go in person. He took him to the station, lent him his mileage, with an addressed envelope in which to return it, put him on the right train, told the conductor his story, asked him to see that the young man got off at the right station, and waved him good-by as the train pulled out. And so Constantine came to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, with very little money but with much determination.

At first he was not popular with the students, who took his aluminum pocket-comb to be a stiletto; and later, though he had been among them three years, they resented it when he was chosen to act "Shylock" in the senior play. Resolved to prove that he could do his part, he worked till he had memorized the entire play, and could act as prompter to them all. Such zeal could not help but put them in a better humor, and he was warmly praised for his rendering of his part. This was his first real success, and it heartened him greatly. Another came soon after, when he took the prize for his school in a state oratorical contest for preparatory schools by declaiming

the court scene from the same play. At last he felt that there was real justice in America, and that he was not hopelessly handicapped by his foreign birth.

That fall he entered Wesleyan University in Connecticut where he worked his way through to a degree. Then he went to the Boston University School of Theology to prepare for the ministry. His teachers in college gave him great inspiration and help, and he felt that he had gained a new view of life. He took pride in the work by which he earned his way as janitor, tailor, watchman, and mail clerk, and declined financial help when it was offered him out of sheer joy in being independent. He says: "It put new backbone in me. Life became a great adventure." With all this, he felt that he had lost some things in America—his simple confidence in people's motives; his respect for law and order, which he often saw badly administered; his fine health which, in the rush of American life, he almost lost; and much of the habit of careful and exact work. Yet he felt that it was a wonderful gain to be somebody in himself, and not be respected merely for what his grandfather had done, as he would have been in Italy.

Loving his own land, it did not occur to him at first to become an American citizen; and when at last he did wish to become a citizen, his moves from state to state made it hard to get his papers. It was not till he had been in America twelve years that he was naturalized, and then he was as proud as the old Romans must have been of Roman citizenship. He was

glad, too, that he had become an American in spirit before, instead of after, adopting the name.

Early in his preparatory course he had felt an impulse to help the immigrants, especially Italians, who did not understand America very well. He tried first to serve in an Italian mission during a vacation, but found that those in charge cared more about the numbers they could gather than about the real help that they could give. After entering college he had the experience of teaching an Americanization class supervised by a factory owner. The pupils were interested in English, but were openly hostile when he tried to teach them citizenship. They told him that it meant nothing to them to be Americans while the very American citizen who paid for the teaching of the class allowed his foreman to kick them around in his factory and call them "dagoes." When Constantine tried to tell this to the manufacturer, the man was furious, and spat out, "Let the dagoes go back to their rat-holes!"

Because he was an Italian, Panunzio's first church, which he served for a time as a supply, was divided over accepting him as permanent pastor. He stayed two years, however, and won over his opponents. For four more years he served American churches. Then he thought he saw a chance to help his own people by taking a down-town church in Boston, whose congregation had dwindled greatly with the coming in of Italians all around it. He hoped to combine service to the small American membership and to the large

Italian community about it; but the church officers totally refused to have "this well-known church, or even a part of it, turned into an Italian church," so that plan failed.

During this time he speaks with the greatest appreciation of the helpfulness of a man he calls his "American Big Brother." This man had rather a prejudice at first against Italians; but when a certain social service institution in Boston, of which he was a director, became divided about employing Constantine as superintendent (some of the committee declaring he was too Italian, and others that he was too Americanized!), the man's sense of fair play was aroused, and he insisted that birth should not be considered, but that ability alone should determine the point.

After that he always stood by Constantine in his work; he invited him to his house, took him to concerts and plays, introduced him to his wife and friends, and was truly a brother to him. "I am certain," he says, "that had it not been for my American 'Big Brother,' I would not have the deep-seated faith in America which is mine today."

His experiences in the crowded tenement section of Boston—dirty, treeless, ill-smelling, noisy, full of saloons and gambling-dens—were often painful and discouraging. But he came to love the people—first the children, singing like larks on the grimy streets and fire-escapes when they were not toiling under work too heavy for them; then the patient Italian mothers, trying to keep the life in their little ones in that sun-

less, foul atmosphere; then the fathers, battling often beyond their strength to make a mere living for their families.

It was a great trial to have nothing better to gather these people into than an old, dark, dirty building that "had been used for every imaginable purpose, from a monastery to a storage house." There were three Protestant missions bidding for the attendance of the same people, and none of them really helping to better their condition.

Constantine Panunzio labored hard and unselfishly to help these people. Once, when he had seen policemen roughly drive from Boston Common a number of poor people who had come out of the stifling tenements on a very hot day for a breath of air and a little sleep, he submitted himself shortly after to unjust arrest, simply to bring before the attention of the court and the public the ill treatment of the immigrant. The result was a wide publicity and the correction of a number of abuses.

When America entered the World War, he tried to enlist, but was prevented by his defective sight. The Y.M.C.A. service was open to him, and he was sent with their first party to Italy. There he revisited his old home, and was urged by his relatives to come back to live; but, dear and beautiful as Italy was, he was of it no more, and felt that he would never be able to make it his home again.

He had the privilege of raising "the first Stars and Stripes which ever flew near the lines of the Italian

army." This was a small silk flag which he carried with him, and which he offered for use when it had proved impossible to get an American flag for the Y.M.C.A. headquarters. Later he carried it on his car "to the remotest spots on the firing lines and even down into Sicily, in places where it had never been seen before."

At the opening of a new hut, the patriotic priest who was to have made the address was unable to be present, and Panunzio was asked to speak to the soldiers on America's part in the war. He did this so clearly and effectively that the men were carried away by enthusiasm, and the Italian general kissed him and insisted on having his picture taken with him.

Next day he was called to army headquarters and asked to go about, at the expense of the Italian Army, from place to place addressing the soldiers. For seven months he was engaged in this service, among soldiers and civilians, even to the remotest towns of Sicily. He gave a wonderful patriotic service to his native land, as well as to his adopted country, and did much to overcome the suspicion with which Italians at first regarded America in the war.

Then sixteen years after his first landing in America, he returned to her, this time coming to New York Harbor when the city was in the full array and excitement of the Victory Loan Campaign. "I was again in America. I felt like kissing the ground, as Columbus had done centuries ago." He had made his "everlasting choice," and knew that he belonged for-

ever to America, to live and die an American citizen.

Soon after returning, a call for his services came from the West. It carried him to the Pacific Coast, where he became a professor of the Department of Social Science in a Western college. He has since resigned this position to devote himself to social research and writing. He has also given much of his time to efforts for the liberation of immigrants unjustly imprisoned, and for the better distribution of immigrants, who on landing in this country have a tendency to settle in the congested parts of our cities.

His book, *The Soul of an Immigrant*, from which this story is in large part taken, shows us the wonderful development of a wayward boy into a strong and splendid man, glowing with the love of liberty and the passion for service to the new Americans whose struggles and disappointments and persistent hopes he knows so well. This modern Italian sailor has discovered the real America—a greater achievement than that of Columbus; and the fruits of that discovery, which he seeks to bring to his fellow countrymen, are more precious than all the riches of the Indies.

III

THE HAND OF A HELPER

THERE was trouble and anxiety in the Lin household. Living near the city of Canton, the Lins were a busy and prosperous family in ordinary times. They made a living by cultivating silkworms and raising fish for market. But this had been a very bad year. The silkworm crop had been a failure; and for many days it had rained and rained, so that the fishponds had overflowed and all the fish had been carried away in the flood. Something must be done!

Now a Chinese family, no matter how large, is very closely bound together. Nobody acts for himself; each acts for all the others. So a family council was held to decide what should be done. Over the seas, they had heard, there was a country where there was much work to be had at good wages. One of the family, they decided, must go to America, where he could not only support himself, but send home money to help the others. Of them all, the one who seemed best fitted to go was a younger son, named Loo Lin.

There were, already, relatives in the United States; it was not as if there would be no one to help him get work when he arrived. But there was no money to pay for his passage. He must earn his way across. So the boy secured a job as stoker on a vessel bound for San Francisco.

When, after the long voyage, he at last reached the American harbor, another unforeseen difficulty arose. To his consternation, he was forbidden to land. The authorities were going to send him back again to China! But the captain of the vessel took an interest in the boy, and to him Loo Lin confided the name and address of his cousin in San Francisco. The captain sent to the address and found the cousin, who got a lawyer to help them. Meanwhile, Loo Lin, terrified, not knowing what to be afraid of and what not to be afraid of, was hiding in the smokestack of the vessel, getting very black, but determined not to be caught if an inspector came on board. Had he come across the seas expecting to work in the crew of some big company, he would not have been allowed to land, but the lawyer and the cousin managed to satisfy the port authorities that Loo Lin had not tried to come in as a contract laborer, and at last the young man was admitted.

He found work as a domestic in the household of a German family in the city, and spent some years in their employ and also in that of other families.

He was very ambitious to learn English, and went faithfully to night school. Often the family for whom he worked had dinner so late that he had not time to eat any himself, but would hurry through with the dishes and rush off to school. After the school was dismissed for the night, he and other students would go to a Chinese restaurant and get a supper for ten cents apiece.

It was after he had been in San Francisco some



LOO LIN

The scared Chinese boy who landed in San Francisco many years ago without money and without work is now a confident New York business man, a radiant Christian, active in Church and Bible Class, and an inspiring friend to the hopeless and afraid on both sides the Pacific.

years that Loo Lin began to hear great things about the World's Fair which was to be held in Chicago. Guessing that there would be a great demand for help in restaurants and homes, and that he might get larger wages than he had been receiving, he decided that it would be a good time for him to go to that city. Through a cousin there he soon found work with an American family.

Anxious to learn still more English, Loo Lin started again to night school. So far it had happened that in the United States he had met no one who professed to be a Christian. But the night-school he entered in Chicago chanced to be a mission school. Here, for the first time in America, he met Protestant Christians. At home, in China, he had heard of Christianity, but only from the members of a Roman Catholic mission. Here in Illinois, something about the new religion attracted him, and he began to attend Sunday school as well as night school.

Soon after he began going to Sunday school, there was a lesson about Jesus and Nicodemus. The teacher explained very fully and carefully the verse beginning, "For God so loved the world . . ." This was wonderful news to Loo Lin. It went straight to his heart, and from that day he decided to be a follower of this loving and powerful Savior.

After becoming a Christian, he was invited to a number of Christian homes by the friends he had made through the mission, and was very happy in his new companionships. But trouble was again on his trail.

News came that his older brother in China had died, leaving a wife and several children. Now the trouble of one member of a Chinese family is the trouble of all. The entire family would have been disgraced in the eyes of their countrymen if they had failed to provide for the widow and her children; and this could only be done by the aid of Loo Lin. He was already sending home as much as he could possibly spare out of his wages, which had never been more than three dollars a week. So he left Chicago and went to New York, where he hoped to find work that would pay him better.

Some time during these years, he received a letter from home telling him that the family had arranged a betrothal for him with the daughter of another family of their acquaintance. He had never seen the girl, and knew nothing whatever about her; but the word of the family was law, and he presently set sail for China to bring back his wife.

His heart was rather heavy when he remembered how lately he had become a Christian, and wondered whether the girl he was going to marry would be a help or a hindrance to him in this new way of living. All the way over on the vessel, he was praying, "Dear God, let my wife learn to be a Christian!"

At the same time, over in a mission school in China, there was a young girl whose heart was as troubled as his. She had become a Christian, and now her parents were giving her in marriage to a strange young man. She did not know whether he would approve her faith

or frown upon it. So every day she kept praying, "Dear Lord, make my husband a Christian!"

At length the day came when the betrothed bride was to meet for the first time her husband-to-be. Her people helped her to dress very carefully for the great event, and told her that according to the Chinese custom she must hide her face with her fan when she first entered the room.

"Why should I do that?" asked the girl. "I am not ashamed to be seen! I am a child of God, and I do not need to hide my face from anyone!"

In spite of her relatives' protest that the young man would not be well impressed with so bold a bride, she walked into the room without holding up her fan. When he saw her come in, so frank and modest, looking at him with her clear, honest eyes, Loo Lin's heart gave a great leap, for he knew that only a Christian girl would look like that. It was a very happy couple who, a few weeks later, sailed for America, content in each other's ideals.

In New York, Loo Lin's life ran on smoothly for some years. First he was in the employ of others, but later he was able to invest for himself in a restaurant. He and his wife were very busy, happy people. Sons were born to them, to their great pride and joy, and the parents worked very hard to lay by money for their children. So busy were they that the restaurant claimed their labors seven days in the week, and they seemed seldom to find time for church or family prayers.

Yet even while not living an actively Christian life, Loo Lin became known as an honest man of firm principles, whose life was a rebuke to many of the inhabitants of Chinatown. Finally, envious of his influence and success, some of these Chinese decided to get rid of him, and they started a movement to boycott his restaurant.

Gradually his business declined. The Lins struggled on until it was evident that some change must be made. Then it was suggested that in Florida there were good openings for truck farmers who could raise Chinese vegetables. Gathering their few belongings together, they went South to begin life over, arriving in Florida with just sixty dollars in their pockets.

A friend was sent them in the person of a man of fine Christian character who owned a small farm and a horse and a cow. These he rented to Loo Lin. The whole family worked very hard, earning a bare living, but there came to them in those days an experience which was worth more than many dollars.

"In the daytime," says Mr. Loo Lin, telling the story, "we saw the sun shining so brightly, making everything grow green and beautiful; and at night we went out and walked under the stars, and remembered the God who had given us everything. And we said to each other that we had been too busy making money in New York, and had forgotten Him. We had not prayed to Him as we should, we had not gone to His house and taken our children, nor had we set a good example to our neighbors who did not know Him.

And so God took away our business, to make us remember Him; and there in Florida we did remember Him, and promised to serve Him better. We were very poor in Florida, but very happy."

The family continued to grow, and after a time the little farm in Florida would not yield a living for them all. With new faith and hope in their hearts, they left the South and went to make a new start in Kansas City.

It was here that Mrs. Loo Lin came to a decision which few women, even the most devoted Christians, are called upon to make or would be able to make. When people accept Christ as their Master as wholeheartedly as Mr. and Mrs. Loo Lin had done, He leads them sometimes by strange ways, and brings them to do things they would have thought impossible before.

There came to Mrs. Loo Lin more and more the thought of the many children in China who have not the chance to learn about Christ's way of living as she taught it to her own boys and girls.

Too well she remembered the many thousands of little children running untaught about the streets in China who would grow up to worship in the old, mistaken way of their ancestors if somebody did not go to teach them. Too well she knew that the few missionaries and their helpers were not enough for the task. The thought of the children of China was with her all the time, and the care she gave to her own boys and girls only made her heart heavier for those who were not taught and cared for as they were. Besides,

she had been educated in a mission school, and it seemed to her that she owed a debt to her people who had not had such an opportunity.

Mr. and Mrs. Loo Lin loved each other and their children dearly. Perhaps we cannot imagine just what the family and the home mean to the Chinese people and how hard it is for them to think of anything that will break up the home life. But Loo Lin and his wife had learned the words of One who said, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me," and they believed that He meant just what He said. So Mrs. Loo Lin decided that they must be separated for His sake, and that she would go back to China to be a teacher, taking part of the family with her and leaving the rest in America. If missionaries, she thought, could make such sacrifices for China, could not one of China's own daughters do as much for her own people?

By way of preparation Mrs. Loo Lin began a course of training for kindergarten work, which took her three years to complete. During part of this time her family all lived in Kansas City, but later her husband went to work in Chicago. They placed the children with people whom they trusted to care for them. Later they found that the children were not being properly taken care of. Then a Christian woman offered to take the children into her home for a small sum, as she was not wealthy enough to keep them for nothing.

These were dark days for the Lin family, with very little money coming in, the home life broken, and the

prospect of a long parting before them. They were often discouraged, but held fast to the faith that God was leading them. In Chicago, Loo Lin found many temptations to increase his small earnings in ways that his conscience told him were not worthy of a Christian.

"One day," he says, "I told the Lord, 'Dear God, I need help. I am about to fall into temptation, and there is no one to help me but you. I cannot go on any longer unless you will stand by me and help me out!' After that," he said, "God showed me the way."

He had taken the two oldest boys to Chicago with him, while the younger children—two girls and a boy—remained in Kansas City. He was obliged to place the boys in an orphanage to keep them from running in the streets. One summer they spent in a boys' camp. Both of these experiences were good for them. They were well trained in both orphanage and camp.

One day a kindly woman, visiting the orphanage, became interested in the eldest boy, Paul, and asked him how he and his brother David would like to spend the summer with her family on the shores of Lake Michigan. When their father came to see them, they were full of this project; and, as a result, they found a plain but good home with this excellent family at comparatively small expense.

Mrs. Loo Lin had now finished her course of kindergarten training, and came to Chicago to say good-by to her husband and sons. There was a sad yet hopeful parting. A few weeks later she sailed for China, taking the four youngest children with her. Paul remained

for some years in school in this country; later his father took him to China and placed him in a mission school there.

The path of opportunity now led Mr. Loo Lin back to New York. There he invested in a business which at first was not very profitable. Time and again he tried to sell it, but something always happened to break off the sale before it was completed. He came to believe that this also was part of God's guidance, when at a later date he was able to sell it for a much larger sum than he could have had earlier, and to invest in another business which returned him one hundred per cent annually. In fact, from that time he has greatly prospered. He is at present manager of the City Hall Tea Garden, a large and beautiful Chinese restaurant on Nassau Street.

In the meantime, he did not again give himself any chance to forget God in his business. While he was investing his money, he was also busy investing his life for Christ in three different ways—in training and influencing his children, in helping his people in China, and in becoming a teacher and helper of the Chinese in this country.

He has made a number of trips to China to visit his family. Mrs. Loo Lin is still occupied in kindergarten work, and the children—six of them now—are all at school there. Paul, the eldest, is in Shanghai University. On a recent visit, his father asked him what he intended to make of his life. The young man seemed uncertain.

"There is nothing greater you can be than a Christian missionary, Paul," his father suggested.

Paul hesitated a moment, and then burst out:

"Oh, Papa, can't I do something to make money? Missionaries have such a hard time!"

"Paul," said Mr. Loo Lin, very kindly, "if you go into business for yourself, you may be making money on earth; but if you invest your life in the Lord's business, you will be laying up riches in heaven. Think it over, and see which you will choose."

Paul has now decided, and is in training to become a Christian worker.

The second boy, David, had always been a problem to his parents. He was the one member of the family who was different from the others. The things that pleased his brothers and sisters never appealed to him, and often the father and mother were worried because he seemed not to fit in with the rest of the family, or to share their purposes and ideals.

A short time after the beginning of 1923, Mr. Loo Lin received a letter from this seventeen-year-old son which made him very happy. He told his father how he had taken a walk alone in the woods on the last day of the year, and had had, as he put it, "a talk with God." He had asked to be made one with his parents in spirit and purpose—"for no boy in China has a better father and mother than mine"—to be helped to understand and live harmoniously with his brothers and sisters, and, all his life, to be used in the service of God and man.

So is the influence of these true Christian parents leading their children to follow them in paths of helpfulness.

While he has been visiting in China, Mr. Loo Lin has found many opportunities for service there. One day he was told that an aged missionary and his wife, whom he had known twenty-four years earlier, were living in retirement and poverty. He went to call on them, and found the old lady almost blind. When she heard his name, her face filled with light.

"Is it really the Loo Lin we knew so long ago?" she asked, and gave him a welcome so warm that it touched his heart.

Seeing in what poor circumstances they were living, he felt that something should be done for them and for others like them. He spoke to some of his Christian friends and, promising to give the first thousand himself, proposed that they join him in raising funds for a home for aged and needy Christian workers. They are now engaged in raising \$30,000 for this purpose.

"And we shall get it," says Mr. Loo Lin, "for we have a God who can do anything!"

Another still larger undertaking in which he became involved while in China is the financing of a large hospital for lepers on an island called Tai Kam, in the province of Kwangtung. This project was started by a veteran missionary, the Reverend John Lake, who had labored in Kwangtung for twenty years, and had seen much of the widespread suffering caused by leprosy. It is to be a Christian hospital, offering not only

bodily care and the remedies which have lately been found to arrest and sometimes cure the disease, but spiritual healing as well.

The late Dr. Wu T'ing-fang, who was the Chinese ambassador to this country for a number of years, and who at the time this hospital was proposed was Acting Civil Governor of Kwangtung, was greatly interested in the project and donated a large sum of money toward it. He also approved a grant of the entire island as a leper colony. In 1918 the American Mission to Lepers made a grant of \$66,000 toward the fund.

With Dr. Wu T'ing-fang, Mr. Loo Lin visited the island to inspect it, and was made a member of the Board of Directors of the new hospital. Dr. Wu's former secretary is now directing, with Loo Lin's assistance, a million-dollar campaign for the hospital among the Chinese in this country and all others who may be interested. The most influential Chinese in New York City are members of the committee handling this campaign.

It is an honor to have a share in such a large undertaking, but it takes a greater soul to do the small, unnoticed, personal deeds of helpfulness which Mr. Loo Lin is constantly performing among the people of New York's Chinese district.

This is far less easy and attractive than going about on great campaigns, but it is so much more like the work the Master did. Chinatown, with its narrow, crooked streets, its strange, Oriental signs and odors,

its rookeries of old houses, where many Chinese families dwell, desperately poor, but guarding jealously those few dark rooms against the intrusion of strangers—who but a man of their own race could reach into those narrow dwellings and win those shy, concealed hearts?

Though he has been for many years a member of a church where the services are conducted entirely in English, Mr. Loo Lin gives his time and effort to assisting the Chinese department of the Church of All Nations. Here he attends worship, and also teaches in Chinese a Bible class of about ten men. He is, besides, president of the Chinese Y.M.C.A. of the settlement to which the Church of All Nations belongs.

The head of the Chinese department writes: "Mr. Loo Lin is always going about doing good for his people. Whenever I call upon him to go to the prisons or hospitals to help a Chinese brother in need, he is ready to respond, and it is often through his loving ministry that these souls are led into the light."

An American woman who is greatly interested in prisoners, particularly those of other nationalities, came one day and told Mr. Loo Lin of a Chinese, no longer a young man, whom she had found in the Trenton Penitentiary, serving a twenty-year sentence. This meant that in all probability he would never come out alive; and over in China he had a wife and family whose poverty, resulting from his imprisonment, was making him desperately unhappy.

Mr. Loo Lin went over to Trenton and visited the man, promising to see what could be done for him. He

talked to him of the only hope for the troubled hearts of men, and gave him a Bible and other Christian literature. After he returned to New York, he made it a habit to send each week to this man the outline of the Sunday-school lesson, as he prepared it each Sunday to teach to his own class. In the meantime, he was working for the man's release on parole, under condition that he should be deported to China, where he might be able at least to keep his family from want.

The man studied the Bible and the Sunday-school lessons faithfully. One day he wrote to his friend:

"I wanted to be free and come to New York, to go to your church and try to find your Christ. But I did not need to go to New York to find Him, for He has come and found me here in the prison, and I have given my life to Him."

The change in the man's life became evident to everyone. His behavior was so excellent that he became a "trusty" in the prison, with a certain amount of liberty within its walls and with responsible work to do. Mr. Loo Lin continued to work for his parole and deportation to China, the chances being greatly increased by the man's good record.

Every year it is the custom to pardon or parole a number of the best men in the penitentiary—not more than thirty. The warden became greatly interested in this prisoner and one day sent this word to Mr. Loo Lin:

"I know that you have been praying for the prisoner you come to visit. He shows the results of it, for he

is among the sixty-one best men in the prison, from among whom the thirty are to be chosen. Keep on praying that he may be one of the thirty."

A short time afterward, word was brought to Loo Lin that his man was indeed among the thirty who were chosen. He supposed that the man was to be released on parole, and said at once, "Now he can be deported and go back to his family."

Great was his joy when his informant replied: "No, he doesn't need to be deported. He has received a full pardon!"

The released prisoner came to New York, where work was found for him by which he could help his family much better than if he were sent back to China to work for small wages there.

"So," says Mr. Loo Lin, "the Lord gave me more than I asked for. I prayed to have him deported, but the Lord made him altogether free!"

The man who had been pardoned did not forget to be grateful to his friend. One day he presented to Mr. Loo Lin a picture he had drawn, to show what he felt Loo Lin's help had been to him. Up in one corner he had drawn a great Hand extended out of the sky. Below rolled a sea of tossing waves, and out of the water arose the hand of a drowning man, clutching for help. Between the two stood the figure of a man, representing Loo Lin. With one hand he was reaching upward, to clasp the hand of God; with the other he was grasping the hand of the man sinking in the water. It is a true picture of a life of Christian service.

IV.

A SOLDIER OF PEACE

ON the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan lies the ancient town of Akashi, picturesque among its gnarled old pine and cypress trees. Long ago, when Japan was still under the feudal system, with its many ranks of nobility, the town was the capital where the Lord of Akashi ruled. Among his knights was a young man by the name of Kawai.

Changes came rapidly to Japan. The old system was presently abolished, and Kawai was sent to Tokyo as the representative of Akashi in the Advisory Council of the new government.

But Akashi had been on the losing side in the war that brought about these changes, and its representative was not looked upon with favor at the capital. He knew this before he left his home for Tokyo, and suspected that his political enemies might do him harm.

"A child will be born in our home while I am away," he said to his wife. "I hope it may be a boy, to carry on our family name with honor. If anything should happen to me, so that I do not live to tell him of the honorable place our family has held in the records of our country, give him my sword, and tell him to be always a brave and loyal knight, and never to dishonor the name he bears, the name which has been borne by brave warriors before him."

Kawai's forebodings proved true. The party in power, fearing and hating him, plotted against his life, and he was assassinated. A few months later, in the home in Akashi, a son was born to inherit his father's sword, and was named Teizo Kawai.

As the little Teizo grew, he was never weary of hearing his father's message, and of handling his father's sword, which was always his treasured possession. His mother, faithful to her husband's wish, told him all the stories of the family heroes, until his boyish heart burned with the desire to be a great soldier and do valiant deeds, like his ancestors.

One of the stories Teizo liked best was about his grandfather who had been admiral of the tiny feudal state of Akashi twenty years before Teizo's birth, at the time when Commodore Perry made his famous visit to Japan.

When the "black ships," as the Japanese called the American war vessels, were sighted off the coast, coming to waken Japan after her centuries of isolation from the outside world, the excitement among her people was tremendous. They thought the foreigners had come to invade and destroy their country, and every height along the shore swarmed with armed troops as defenders and the rest of the population as sightseers.

Admiral Kawai put his little fleet in order for battle, like the rest. But when it was found that the Americans had not come to make war, but were on a peaceful mission, he was chosen as one of the officials sent to



THE UNION JAPANESE CHURCH, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Mr. Kawai's work among the Japanese newly arrived in America is helping to develop citizens like these. They are proud to be Americans, and want to attend churches where English is spoken.

greet the strangers. How wonderful it was to hear of the queer, white-faced people, with their red hair and green eyes—for so the Japanese speak of the blond coloring of the Anglo-Saxon race. And inasmuch as the Japanese fairy-tales all represent evil spirits as red-haired and green-eyed, it was no wonder that the sight of the foreigners filled the people with horror and distrust.

“Ugh!” exclaimed the old admiral, returning from the reception where he had helped to do the honors, and had met the foreign guests. “These strangers are not like people; they are like dogs, with their hair cut short all over their heads! And their clothes! Instead of beautiful, flowing kimonos, such as every civilized person wears, they have close-fitting things that show the shape of their bodies—a tight, separate bag for each leg, and their arms just the same way! There is no fear that anybody in Japan will ever wish to copy the foreign devils!”

“Mother, did you ever see one of them?” Teizo and his sister would ask eagerly, after this story was told.

“Once I saw some foreign traders traveling in sedan-chairs,” replied their mother. “They were not from America, but from a place called Holland. All I can remember about them is that they smoked long pipes as they were carried along.”

Teizo’s mother was a very religious woman, and the children were never allowed to forget their prayers. In one corner of the parlor was a shrine with an image of Buddha, sitting, with his eternally clasped hands

and his vacant expression, high above the children's heads. Every morning their mother would take the children to this shrine, and they would kneel before it and repeat prayers out of a Buddhist prayer-book. They prayed for the best thing a Buddhist can pray for—which is to be made not to want or care for anything.

In the living-room stood another altar on a shelf—an altar to the Shinto gods who are partly nature gods, partly the family ancestors. Every evening the family would light candles before this shrine, clap their hands, and repeat some more prayers. Unlike the prayers in the morning, these prayers were mostly prayers for health, prosperity, and safety for the household.

"It was a selfish religion," said Teizo, years after, "only concerned with taking care of self. There were never any prayers for others."

Though Buddhism and Shintoism are quite different religions, and their prayers ask for such opposite things, it never occurred to the children nor to their mother that they could not practise both at once—one kind of religion for the morning, the other for the evening!

But long before the offering to Buddha, the sleepy Teizo was awakened each morning, while it was yet quite dark, to go to the house of a private tutor for the study of the Chinese classics. Teizo and the tutor would sit on thick mats spread on the floor, facing each other across a small desk. On the desk was one of the wonderful modern improvements which were

then beginning to come into Japan from this country—a small oil lamp, highly prized and admired as a marvelous invention of the foreigner.

By the light of this lamp, before the gray dawn had begun to brighten the paper screens, the little boy read and committed to memory page after page of old Chinese philosophy, which he did not understand in the least. If he made a mistake, the tutor would take the long-stemmed pipe he was always smoking, and give his unhappy pupil a resounding whack on the head. Happy was Teizo when the lesson was over, and it was time to run home to his breakfast of rice, "miso" broth, seaweed, and pickles.

After breakfast he would take his padded fencing-clothes, somewhat like a football uniform, and his mask and bamboo foils, and go to the fencing-master for an hour of instruction and practice. No matter how cold the weather, even when there was snow on the ground, he always went to this lesson in sandals which left his feet almost bare. But the cold did not trouble him after he began fencing, for he always worked himself into a glow; then he would run home, take a cold bath in water drawn from the well, dress, and start at nine o'clock for public school.

This was a government school, one of the first in that great and excellent school system which Japan has built up, and was much like an American school. But the standard at that time was not high and required little beside the "three R's." However, it was far better as a means of education than the early morning

study of the Chinese classics, and it is not strange that Teizo often felt that the public school alone was all he needed.

The shores of the Inland Sea are a wonderful place for a boy who loves the water. Akashi is today a quiet but popular summer resort, and is noted for its ideal conditions for bathing. Even at that time, every young man in town was a good swimmer. Opposite the town is the island of Awaji, and it used to be the favorite test of an expert swimmer to swim across the channel to the island. It was Teizo's great ambition to be able to perform this feat.

His mother, like other mothers the world around, was never quite comfortable in her mind when she knew that her boy was in the water, and it was not always easy to get her permission to go. So Teizo did what most boys have done at one time or another. After school was dismissed for the afternoon, he would steal off to the beach without going home, taking care not to pass the houses of any of his relatives who might tell his mother.

Yet it was one of his kinsfolk who sympathized with him in his longings for the water and who taught him to swim. Teizo's own words may best tell this story:

"It was when I was about seven years old that my uncle took me out to teach me how to swim. He grasped me with one arm and paddled with the other until he had carried me far out into the sea. Then suddenly he let me go, and I had either to swim or sink. I remember that I struggled fiercely and that I drank

great quantities of water. But no matter how hard I tried to keep afloat, I felt myself sinking. Finally, in despair, I stopped struggling and relaxed myself. To my surprise, I found myself floating. I cautiously paddled with my arms, and I saw that I was swimming. Thus I learned to swim. I often reflect back on that incident and realize that life is like swimming. While one struggles with his own little power, he will surely sink; but as soon as one gives himself up to God and trusts Him, he will float and be able to swim through life."

Constant practice soon made the boy an expert swimmer, though he was never quite able to command the strength and endurance sufficient to carry him over to the island. However, he came to be as much at home in the water as on land; and today, on the opposite coast of the Pacific, his chief recreation when his work permits is to go to a bathing beach and prove that he has not lost his boyhood skill in swimming.

About the time of his first swimming lesson, another new experience, almost as startling, came into the little boy's life. It was no less than the entrance into his own home of one of those dreadful foreigners about whom he and his sister used to whisper with awed speculation.

She was not so terrible after all, this foreign woman who came to visit them. It was true that her hair and eyes were the colors that he had been taught to regard as the mark of evil spirits; but when he looked up into her face, it smiled so pleasantly that he forgot to be

afraid. Somehow he did not feel as though she were really dangerous; there was no light of malice in her "green" eyes, no tone of unkindness in her gentle voice.

The stranger was a missionary who had come over from Kobe, with a Japanese Bible woman, to make some visits in Akashi, and had come to the home of the Kawais to get acquainted. Teizo felt that his mother resented the call, though she received the visitor courteously as a Japanese lady always does. There was an undercurrent of opposition at first in the feeling of the whole household. It was as though the Buddha in the parlor called to the Shinto gods in the living-room: "Our day is over now! We have lived together in this house in peace for many years, sharing the worship of the family between us. But now has come the messenger of a God who never lets any other religion live in a house beside His own. Soon He will turn us both out, and rule alone here!"

And so, indeed, it happened; for the pleasant-faced missionary won the heart of Teizo's mother, as she had already won those of the children. Other visitors came, always bringing with them words about that One whom they called the only true God, and telling the beautiful, sad, yet comforting story of the Son of that great God, whom they called Jesus, who loved everybody, even women and children, and answered their prayers as the vacant-eyed Buddha and the ancestors worshipped at the Shinto shrine never did. And presently the shrines were gone, and the mother and chil-

dren were proud and happy to be called by the name of Jesus Christ, who loved them.

Teizo and his sister grew to be a young man and woman, and the question of a life-work began to confront them both. The sister attended the Kobe Seminary, and for several years was a Bible woman. She is now the wife of a professor in a Methodist university in Kobe.

Teizo went to the famous Doshisha, the school founded by Joseph Neesima, the great pioneer among Japanese Christian educators. At that time the school was not of college standing; now it is a great university. There he met an American professor, Dr. Davis, who had been a colonel in the army during the Civil War. From him the young man gained a different impression of foreigners from that of his early childhood.

From the Doshisha he went to Waseda University in Tokyo. Here he met another American missionary, Mr. C. E. Garst, who exerted a great influence upon his character and plans. This missionary was a graduate of West Point, who had given up his commission in the United States army to help others find peace.

Already Teizo had seen, in Dr. Davis, a man of soldierly qualities and bearing who had dedicated his life to the service of Christ. In this new friend he found the same sense of the higher values of a commission from the Master.

The young man's ambition had always been directed toward the life of a soldier. His father's legacy to him had been a sword; his childhood heroes were all men

of war. Naturally he had grown up to think it the highest profession of man. Now he saw two soldiers who had given up the paths of war for those of Christian service. The more he thought of their choice, the more it attracted him. He also would lay aside all thoughts of earthly warfare and adventure to become a soldier of peace.

In the university he became a leader in literary and religious circles, serving on the staff of a college periodical, and helping to organize the first student Y.M.C.A. in Waseda.

As time went on, he grew more and more convinced of the urgent need of bringing Christianity into the lives of his people, seeing clearly how dangerous it was to permit Japan to become modernized without giving her the shield of a Christian faith to protect her against the temptations of her new position among the great powers of the world. Finally he decided to enter the ministry, and, upon the advice of some missionary friends, planned to study in America.

Coming to this country, Kawai entered the Bible College of Drake University, at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1896. After a three-years' course there, he returned to Japan and held pastorates, first in Akita, then in Tokyo.

Realizing that his Christian life was the result of Christian education and influence since childhood, rather than of a sudden conversion, he was interested in the importance of Christian education. This brought him into active contact with the work of the

Sunday school. He was one of the organizers of the National Sunday School Association of Japan, served on its educational committee, and compiled several text-books for teacher-training courses. He also taught in the Margaret E. Long Memorial School for Girls.

It was during these busy years that he also took upon himself family responsibilities. In 1903 he was married to a graduate of the Girls' Department of Doshisha College. She, too, had been a Christian from childhood.

Important as Mr. Kawai felt it to be that the gospel should be carried to his countrymen in Japan, there was one place where it seemed to him that the people of his race were facing an even more critical condition of affairs, and that was on our own Pacific Coast. The Pacific Coast, he saw, was the connecting link between East and West, and, unless the religion and spirit of Christ were to touch this link, the welfare of both West and East would be in peril.

The Japanese on our Western Coast are not, for the most part, of the educated class. They are poor people, driven by poverty and the overflowing population of the Japanese islands to seek a living somewhere else; and the nearest place is the California coast, with its ideal conditions for the raising of such crops as the Japanese knows best how to cultivate. But though it is easy to make a living in the United States, it is hard to make friends.

Coming without education, but with industry and perseverance; having, like most immigrants, a simpler

manner of living than our own, and thus being able to live on lower wages than Americans, while working up to higher ones, the Japanese have caused many people to fear that they might get entire control of some of the coast industries, such as fishing, and the raising and selling of fruits and vegetables. So they are looked upon as dangerous intruders, and are avoided by many American-born people.

To reach and help these Japanese immigrants, a number of American mission boards have established work on the Pacific Coast. In 1909, Mr. Kawai received a call to take charge of the work of the Women's Board of Missions of his own church, the Disciples of Christ, in Los Angeles, and has been there ever since.

He is the pastor of a regularly organized Japanese Church. When he first came, it had twelve members; now it has grown to a membership of over one hundred and eighty. The Sunday school has an enrollment of over two hundred; there are also an active Christian Endeavor Society, a Woman's Missionary Society, and almost every form of activity that is found in our American churches. Three of the classes in the Sunday school are taught in Japanese, for older people and newcomers; the other eleven are in English.

But this is only half of the work. Beside being pastor of the church, Mr. Kawai has also been for a number of years superintendent of the Japanese Christian Institute, which is a part of the same mission. This Institute carries on an educational and social service work among the Japanese.

It is a busy place. "There is always something going on at the Institute," says its superintendent. Here are a kindergarten for the smallest children, and domestic science lectures for the girls and young women who need so much to learn the best methods of home-making in order to raise the standard of living in the Japanese homes. Here are sewing classes where the women learn to make American garments—for Teizo's grandfather was mistaken when he said that no Japanese would ever want to wear the ugly clothes of the foreigner. Indeed, no sooner has a Japanese girl landed in the new country, where her Japanese clothes render her conspicuous, than she asks how she can learn to make clothes such as the American girls wear.

New clothing for her tongue is sought no less eagerly than new styles for her garments, and here are classes of Japanese girls busily fitting their speech to the strange American pattern. Here, too, are a library, a playground, and rooms for games. Mothers' meetings teach child-training, and there is even a mission study class. One section of the Institute is a dormitory for Japanese young men studying in college or high school. This is so popular that its income pays all current expenses of the Institute, except the superintendent's salary, which comes from the Mission Board.

The great problems of the Japanese in America are two—the lack of trained leadership, and the needs of the young people. We have seen how the Japanese who come here lack education and proper standards of living. To teach them how to live in the new country,

they need, not so much American teachers to come in and give them occasional instructions, as men and women of their own race to become leaders among them, and teach them to think and live in ways that will seem less strange to them when they see their own people practising them.

Then there are the young people who are American born and who are really American citizens trying to live in Japanese homes while studying in American schools. People look on them all as aliens, and do not realize that these young people have been taught American ideals and are no longer in harmony with their Japanese surroundings. Yet they can find few friends among American boys and girls. No matter how much they want to be Americans, they are continually being pushed back into what Americans think is their place among the Japanese.

This can never be done. The parents understand little or no English. The children are trained in schools where English is spoken altogether, and they soon forget all but the most common Japanese words. Soon the children look down upon their parents, who seem to them narrow-minded and ignorant; they break away from the home, and unless some friendly hand reaches out to them, they will wander far away from the better things they have begun to want.

Now, here are the two parts of the puzzle which careful hands like those of Mr. Kawai are beginning to fit together: a people in need of leaders on the one hand; and on the other hand their own sons and daugh-

ters—a generation of young men and women who might be trained for leadership. It is not hard to see how these can be brought together, if they can be united by the only thing that can hold the Old World and the New in one—the spirit of Jesus Christ.

These young people are nearly all favorable to Christianity, even when they do not take it very seriously. They have already broken away from the religion of their parents; the educated young Japanese never go to the Buddhist temples. They are proud to be Americans, and want to attend churches where English is spoken. They would like to do something for their own people if they knew how; but they can never go back with them to the old superstitions and the senseless worship that consists in repeating certain words over and over again. A new religion, a religion of helpfulness and hope and progress, is one they can understand; and this is what Mr. Kawai is trying to give them.

His own children—there are five of them—are fine examples of young Japanese manhood and womanhood. The eldest is a son named Kazuo, who is attending the Southern Branch of the University of California and also taking courses at the California Christian College in preparation for Christian service. The eldest girl is also a life-service recruit; the three younger girls are in the public schools.

In the university where Kazuo Kawai is studying, very happy relations prevail between the Oriental and American students. There is little or no antagonism

between the races. Kazuo is president of the Cosmopolitan Club and is a member of the cabinet of the student Y.M.C.A. He has frequently been invited, with other Japanese students, into American homes, and has there met Christian people of the finest type. His heart is in the land of his adoption, as a recent conversation with his father shows.

It was at the time when there was much excitement over the California Land Bill, with its spirit of hostility to the Japanese.

"Kazuo," said his father one day, when they had been talking over the situation, "I do not think that this will cause war between Japan and the United States; but if ever the two countries should quarrel, my boy, which would you fight for?"

Kazuo's face grew very serious.

"Father, I was born in Japan, and I love her!" he said. "I am proud of her splendid history, and the part my own ancestors have taken in it. I think she is the most beautiful country in the world. I love Japan! But, Father—" A new look came into his face, and he sought for words, but could not find them. At last he burst out, "But, Father—America is a great country!"

And what America means to Kazuo, it means to thousands of other young Japanese, who form the strongest protection both East and West can have against misunderstandings that might end in war.

Mr. Kawai's work is not limited to his church and the young people who attend the Institute. Calls are

coming constantly from all over the city for his services, from Japanese of all classes. Beside this, he carries the gospel out to many who never come to hear it in the town. He has six out-stations with Sunday schools and preaching places. During the berry-picking season, when hundreds of Japanese employed as pickers are encamped in the fields, it has been his custom to go out and hold Sunday school for them. He takes a vacation each year from the work in the city, that he may go and hold evangelistic services among young men in the Japanese ranching camps. So much does this work appeal to him that he is now resigning his city work to spend his entire time in general evangelistic work among the Japanese along the Pacific Coast.

A few instances will show the kind of work he has been doing for the past fourteen years.

One of the first men he met when he began his work in Los Angeles was an ex-sailor who had lived a riotous life in all the shipping ports of Asia and the Mediterranean region. At last he had drifted to America and had become a notorious "bad man" and gambler in the slums of Los Angeles. Somehow he came into contact with the work of the mission, and became a Christian. The change in this man was marvelous. He became head janitor of a large apartment house, and always gave nearly half his salary to the church. Later he became a deacon of the church, and one of the most effective street preachers of the mission. His chief delight was to go down and preach in the gambling-

dens to his former associates, telling them of the change that Christ had made in his life.

A brighter picture is that of an orphan boy whose parents had left him a considerable sum of money. His uncle, who was his guardian, took all the money and refused to send him to school. But the boy was resolved to have an education. He ran away when he was about sixteen, borrowing enough money to take him to America. He landed in Vancouver and went to work in a lumber camp to pay off his debt. Then he worked on the railroads till he came to Southern California.

One day Mr. Kawai was invited to dinner at the house of an orange rancher who was an active Christian. Here he met the young man, who was employed there as a servant. Mr. Kawai talked with him about Christ, and the family helped, so that a short time later he became a Christian. He told Mr. Kawai of his ambition to study, and how he had run away from his uncle and come to America, hoping for a chance to go to school.

"Before I became a Christian," he said, "I wanted an education so that I could better myself; but since I have become a Christian, I want one still more, so that I can help other people!"

Mr. Kawai took him into his home and tutored him for a few months, and then managed to get him into the University of Southern California. The young man had exceptional ability. While he was studying with Mr. Kawai, he became superintendent of the mis-

sion Sunday school which he handled with great success. He went on through the University, then attended the Pacific Theological Seminary, and has been pastor of the Japanese Christian church in Berkeley for the past four years. Now that Mr. Kawai is leaving his present position, the boy he picked up on the orange ranch has been called to become his successor.

Here is another instance.

About seven years ago, a man brought to him what Mr. Kawai describes as the greenest-looking, most awkward boy he had ever seen, to ask his advice. The man was a Japanese of quite a respectable family, who had lost his money in a business failure. So he had sent to Japan for his son and brought him to America, thinking that here the boy might be able to work his way through school.

The case looked rather hopeless to Mr. Kawai, but he promised to do what he could. He took the boy into the Institute dormitory, put him in a class that was being conducted in the summer, somewhat like a Daily Vacation Bible School, and when school opened in the fall, placed him in the second grade.

The boy surprised everyone by finishing grammar school in three years, and entering high school. About this time he became a Christian and decided to study for the ministry. Through him his father became a Christian, and when his younger brother came from Japan, he brought him also into the church. He made a brilliant record for scholarship in the high school, and soon became leader of all the activities among the

many Japanese high-school students of the city. After graduation, he entered the University.

Meantime he had become intimate with a prominent young Japanese business man. When this man bought three large hotels, he made the young student manager of two of them, at a very good salary. Presently the youthful manager had saved enough to buy a hotel of his own. And before long he was able to make good all his father's losses, and send him back to Japan to join his family.

At present he is a junior in the University, taking special work in social science and religious education, he is an officer in the University Y.M.C.A., superintendent of Mr. Kawai's Sunday school of over two hundred members, and also superintendent of the out-station Sunday school at Gardena, which meets on Sunday afternoons.

At the same time he is a prosperous business man, still owning his own hotel and managing the other two. He is thus supporting himself in college, sending his younger brother through school, supporting his parents in Japan, and carrying on active religious work. After his graduation he intends to study for the ministry.

These are the stories of a few of the many leaders who are being developed by the work of Mr. Kawai. "Peace hath her victories," we are often told; and surely this soldier of the Cross has no reason to regret that he laid aside his father's sword to serve his people and his two countries in a nobler way.

V

A DAUGHTER OF LEBANON

“**M**OTHER, mother! come and see the man with a queer thing on his head! How funny he is!”

It was evening in the little Syrian village of Abeih, on the slopes of Mount Lebanon. The mothers paused in their work and came to the doors, as the eager children urged them out to see a man wearing an American hat and clothes.

“It is one of the Frangi (foreigners),” said one woman to her neighbor. “Why do they come to our country? Surely they are strange people! Do you know, I heard Assad telling last night that the Frangi have no bones in them!”

“That is not so!” said another neighbor, joining the group. “Last week one of their women came and talked to me when I was drawing water at the fountain; and when she asked me for a drink, I felt her hand, and it was just like ours! But certainly, they are strange people, and I wonder why they come here.”

“Do you not know?” put in a fourth, drawing nearer. “They have come because there are not children enough over in their country; so they come to steal our children and send them across the sea! First they will get them to come to their houses; then they will scribble some of their queer language on a piece of paper, hold it over the children’s heads, and pour on it

some sort of liquid they brought with them, and set it on fire. So they will bewitch the children, and make them fly over the great water to America!"

"Yes, yes!" mumbled an old crone from a doorstep across the way. "Hide your children when the Frangi come by, if you want to keep them safe!"

Under such difficulties the early American missionaries to Syria labored to start schools for the children of those mountain villages. Little by little, their kindness and patience won the confidence of the people, though it was a long time before the villagers could understand why anyone should want to teach children to read and write. That was something which the fathers and mothers themselves had never learned to do. If they wanted any letters written or read, there was the old sheik who traveled about with his ink-horn in his girdle, proudly displaying it as a sign that he alone, in all those miles of mountain side, had the rare gift of interpreting written characters. Now little boys and girls were supposed to learn these things. It was past understanding!

In the Syrian villages of that day there were two distinct quarters—one for the Druzes, a sect of Mohammedans, and the other for the "Nazara," or Christians. The latter were Maronites, and belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. Between the Druzes and the "Nazara" there was always hostility; and in the year 1860 there broke out a terrible massacre, when the Druzes attacked and killed every man they could find who went by the name of Christian.

When the firing broke out in Abeih, many of the Christians left their homes to take refuge in Beirut, about eighteen miles away. Among them was a family by the name of Alkazin, descended from the very earliest settlers of Abeih—a father, mother and six children. The mountain roads were rough, and it was a weary way for the children to travel. Mrs. Alkazin carried her baby boy, less than a year old; and the youngest girl, little Layyah, who was between three and four years old, was carried by the eldest sister. Now and then they changed, and the mother carried Layyah to rest the young girl's arms.

"Lay her by the wayside!" urged some of the neighbors who overtook them. "The Druzes are following fast; you can hear the shooting! Lay her down and leave her; she is too heavy to carry. Save the boy if you can; Layyah is nothing but a girl."

"No!" cried the brave mother, clasping her little daughter closer. "I will either live with my Layyah, or die with her!"

On the way an armed Druze met them, and stripped the mother of her jewels. It would take too long to unbraid the gold bangles from her hair, so he cut off hair and all. On they stumbled, hungry, barefooted, and half naked, with the shooting all around them; but the mother carried her little girl all the way.

At the seacoast, the father was wounded by a bullet. He and the eldest boy threw themselves into the sea to escape by swimming, and the rest kept on to Beirut. There they found their haven in the American Lega-

tion, under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, and were cared for by the American missionaries, who lodged them under the trees in the compound and fed them by means of relief funds.

The father and brother reached their family after some days, but the father was so badly wounded that he died. The brother found work in Beirut; the widowed mother and the other children went back to Abeih. The whole village had been burned, but that village was home. Soon they had a one-roomed hut built on the site of their old house, with a cellar beneath and a kitchen shed across the yard.

Here they took up their life again. The one room had a divan running around two sides, and over it a shelf for dishes. The hearth, made of clay, was in the center, and as there was no chimney, in winter the room became black with smoke. There was no glass in the windows which were closed by wooden shutters; the chicken-coop stood just inside the door; and mattresses were laid on the floor at night for beds. But the windows looked out toward the Mediterranean with its ships; the brook across the road ran so clear that you could count the pebbles in its bed; the wild doves cooed in the old fig tree; and geraniums, carnations, and lilies bloomed in profusion around the little house.

"Children," their mother would say, "blessed is he, and he only, who has his feet upon Mount Lebanon!"

It was a happy life for the children, but a hard one for the mother. Day after day she went out to work, washing for others or sifting wheat, and receiving a few

cakes of Syrian bread as her pay. Often she gave all she earned to the hungry children and went supperless to bed. Sometimes there was not even bread, and the mother would gather grains of barley from the horses' mangers and boil them with bones to make the children a meal. Through all the village Mrs. Alkazin was loved, and was sought out to care for the sick.

In Abeih there were two day-schools established by the missionaries—one for girls and one for boys. Layyah was allowed to go to the girls' school, not to learn reading and writing, which were thought unfit for girls, but to sew and embroider. She soon won a prize offered for the best patchwork. But when Mrs. Bird, the missionary in charge, told Layyah to come to her house and get the prize, the child was afraid to do so, for fear Mrs. Bird would write a paper over her head and make her fly to America. At last she plucked up courage to go in, but her shoes were so old and broken that she left them outside and went in barefooted.

Kind Mrs. Bird questioned the little girl, and found out how poor the family was. She offered Layyah a pair of new shoes if she would come to Sunday school. The child went, fearing punishment at home, because the foreigners were not Maronites, but taught a strange religion. But when she heard the story of Jesus, told so lovingly by the teacher, she said to herself:

"Is this the new religion? No, this is the same Christ that we suffered for in the massacre."

She continued to attend the Sunday school, and loved

it more and more. And she loved the missionaries as well. When the frail hut of the Alkazins collapsed one night in a thunderstorm, it was to Dr. and Mrs. Bird that Layyah went for help, and those good people had the fallen wall rebuilt at their own expense. It was they, too, who persuaded Mrs. Alkazin to let them send Layyah to Beirut to the orphanage kept by German deaconesses; but confinement in the schoolroom was too hard for the "little wild bird" of Lebanon, and she was brought home very ill, to be nursed back to health by her mother.

Now Layyah had an uncle in Beirut who was a very devout Maronite. Hearing of the girl's devotion to the missionaries, he determined to put a stop to it, and sent for her to come to his home in Beirut and wait on her grandmother. It was a place of luxury after the mountain hut; but every day her uncle made Layyah go to church, confess, and do penance for her sin in listening to the strange religion; and when, one day, he found that she had actually learned to read and write, he felt that the family was disgraced.

He decided to find her a husband in Beirut, so that she could not go to hear the foreigners any more. Layyah wept and pleaded with him, but he thought it was the only way to save her from disgrace. One day, in desperation, Layyah slipped out and ran away, hoping to find some travelers starting for Mount Lebanon.

Then the thought came to her: "Why not go to the Americans? They saved us in the massacre—they may save me now!"

She asked a man where she could find some Americans, and he directed her to the house of a missionary, Dr. Henry Jessup. Here the frightened girl told her story, and the missionary promised to help her.

"You can stay as long as you like in my house," he said; "and as long as you are here, you'll be protected by the United States flag."

Soon her uncle, her aunt, and her eldest brother came to look for her. When Layyah heard their voices, she was so terrified that she hid behind the valance of a bed, while Dr. Jessup answered the visitors and refused to tell them anything about the girl. He wrote to Dr. Bird, who came to Beirut after some weeks and took Layyah home to her mother.

But home was no longer a peaceful place for her. Yousef, her brother, who was now the man of the household, reproached her bitterly for having disgraced the family, and determined to keep her away from the missionaries.

"Many a time on Sunday morning I tried to reach the mission chapel, and when I came near the door, found Yousef standing on the highway watching for me. He would seize me by the hand and drag me home and give me a good thrashing. Many a night after the little oil lamp was put out I waited until I thought they were all quietly asleep, and then arose and knelt to say my prayers. As soon as I began, I would feel a heavy hand on my lips, and hear Yousef's voice in the darkness, saying: 'You bad girl! You still want to follow the religion of the foreigners!'"

In spite of this, Layyah managed now and then to slip away to the school; and at last, seeing her determination, the family decided to let her go on week-days, unless she were needed to work at home. But they saw to it that the days she was needed were many. There were dandelions or other herbs to be cut for a meal, or she must go to the woods to gather sticks, or into the fields to glean barley, wheat, or lentils after the reapers. She picked figs and olive-berries, and in the silkworm season brought mulberry leaves and fed the worms—and all the time she was longing for an education.

At length she heard that Dr. Jessup and his family were coming to spend the summer in Abeih. One day she left her water-jar at the fountain and went to their house, to tell of her circumstances and beg them to help her go away to a boarding-school.

Dr. Jessup was busy just then on a book called *Women of the Arabs*, for which he was making a collection of Arabic cradle-songs. He did not answer her plea, but asked, "Layyah, do you know any lullabies?"

She recited to him the few she knew; then he asked if she would go among the women of the village and learn some more to bring him.

"I will if you will send me to school!" she answered, and he smiled and promised to see about it.

For three days she went from house to house learning lullabies, and when she came back to Dr. Jessup, she brought him about a hundred new ones. He was greatly delighted.

"A girl with such a memory," he said, "surely ought to have an education."

He wrote to the Sidon Seminary for Girls about her, but word came back that the school was full.

That was a winter of great hardship and discouragement. There was famine, and the Alkazins suffered with the rest. Often Layyah had to go to Dr. Bird to ask for flour, for the American missionaries were the only source of relief for the village. Sometimes the funds they had to distribute were not sufficient, and once Mrs. Bird sold a piece of silk intended for her own dress to get flour for the hungry women and children.

All this helped to win the hearts of the Alkazin family. Even Yousef was completely changed when, to take care of the missionary's horse, he made a tour with Dr. Bird. The preaching and kindly conversation of the missionary, and the generous wages he paid, gave Yousef quite a different opinion of the foreigners, and he came home declaring, "Surely these are Christian people!"

After a time Yousef became Dr. Bird's assistant; later he was a trusted inspector of mission schools, and in time he became a preacher.

When Yousef and his mother had learned that the religion the missionaries taught was no strange doctrine, and that the missionaries lived as they taught, the Alkazin home, with others in the village, was opened for cottage prayer-meetings. Neighbors and friends came in to hear the missionaries, and much

seed was sown which grew up to make the village of Abeih a better place to live in.

When Layyah was a little more than fourteen years old, a letter came from Dr. Jessup asking her to come to Beirut. Away off in America, in the city of Philadelphia, there was a Sunday-school class in a large church which had heard Layyah's story, and had offered to pay her expenses at the American School for Girls in Beirut.

"Are you ready," asked Dr. Jessup, "to go to school and study hard? Do you think you can learn to tell the story of Jesus as well as you learned those lullabies for me?"

Layyah was sure she could, and entered on her new life with great joy. For two years her time was spent in learning all she could. In her third year at the seminary she taught a Sunday-school class of eighteen young girls who called themselves "Daughters of the Cedars of Lebanon." Early in the year the head teacher of a day-school connected with the seminary was taken sick, and Layyah was asked to take her place. Half her time was now given to teaching. The following year she taught the entire time, presiding with two assistants over a school of seventy or eighty children.

The next year she was asked to go with a missionary to start a new school for girls in Tripoli, Syria. Here she spent a happy and successful year, teaching and going about with the missionary in the slums of the city, to gather pupils for the school.

The following summer a request came to Dr. Jessup for a teacher to be sent to Egypt, to take charge of a department in a girls' school in Assiut. They asked for a Syrian, hoping she would be able to stand the climate better than the American missionaries. So Layyah, now about nineteen, left her native land for the African shore. From there, a journey of four hundred miles up the Nile lay before her. In her charge for the journey were put three young African girls, rescued from a slave dealer, who were to be sent to the school at Assiut. On this journey, stopping between trains at Cairo, she first met a young mission worker, Mr. Elias Barakat, whose little niece was also being sent to Assiut.

The work here was much more difficult than it had been in Beirut. The Egyptian girls were not accustomed to habits of tidiness, and it took perseverance to teach them to wash themselves and comb their hair every day. The climate was almost unbearably hot, and scorpions abounded. One night soon after her arrival Layyah found a large one under her pillow, and during that night captured fifteen in her room and the courtyard! Many a night she had to rise and take the ammonia bottle to some of the girls who had been bitten by the poisonous creatures.

The girls came crowding into the school, and Layyah found her hands full. She was to have charge of the sewing, and as she wore European dress, all the eighty girls at once wanted to make dresses like hers. Then their mothers wanted clothes like the children's; but,

even under such difficulties, the girls became so proficient under Layyah's direction that their exhibit of work at the end of the year brought her much praise.

Near the close of the year, two offers of marriage came to Layyah. One was from a wealthy young Egyptian who could give her every luxury but whose ideals were not like her own. The other was from the young Syrian teacher of the Cairo mission, Elias Barakat. He had formerly been private secretary to a British general who accompanied the famous General "Chinese" Gordon through the Red Sea to Khartum, and had now for some years been engaged in teaching and in translating tracts for the mission in Cairo. Layyah was attracted by the first offer, but decided to accept the second, considering "that it was better to eat bread and salt and serve the Lord than to own all the treasures of Egypt."

After their marriage, Mr. Barakat took charge of a mission printing-press, while his wife became principal of a small day-school of which she had formerly been an inspector and which was now being enlarged into a school preparatory to the seminary. In a very short time she had nearly two hundred pupils enrolled, with two assistants to help her.

It was here that she was visited one day by an American, Dr. John Dulles of Philadelphia, who told her that he was superintendent of the Sunday school that had educated her. On leaving, he gave her a card with his address, asking her to write to his school about her work.

The work was varied and eventful. Often rescued slaves were brought to the mission—once a band of almost eighty—and it was the privilege of Layyah to minister to the women among them. One runaway girl, who came to Layyah's house with the chain still on her ankle, after being legally freed by the help of the missionaries, became a member of the Barakats' household, and cared for the baby daughter who was born to them.

Three years flew happily by, and then came the great religious war that tore Egypt to pieces in the year 1882. "Death to the infidel dogs!" was the cry of the Mohammedans through the streets, and mobs rushed about with guns, clubs, and axes, seeking Christians to kill, wherever they could find them.

Mr. Barakat and his wife, with their baby, had gone to Alexandria to spend the summer, and were caught in the thick of the trouble. For three days they lived in a state of siege with his sister and her family, having no food and scarcely any water, and keeping the hungry children quiet with the greatest difficulty. Under their windows they could hear the shooting and the groaning of the wounded Christians, and expected every hour that the house would be raided.

Taking advantage of a lull in the rioting, the little group put on disguises and planned to slip out separately and meet at the seashore, hoping to find a ship in which to escape. Dressed like a Mohammedan woman with veiled face, her feet dyed with the blood of the Christian martyrs, Layyah ran through the

streets with her baby on her arm until she reached the appointed place on the shore. One by one the others joined her. They mingled with the crowds of foreigners trying to get boats, and hoped to escape notice, but it was soon seen that they were not English or Americans, and they were told to go back and get passports. This would have meant death; so in the beautiful moonlight they huddled on the beach and prayed for deliverance.

Suddenly a small boat turned its course and came directly toward them. The boatman proved to be a Mohammedan, but they fell on their knees and begged him to carry them out to one of the steamers in the harbor. Although he was of the enemy, he took pity on them, crowded them into his little boat, and took them to an English vessel bound for Malta. As they were helped on board, they heard the booming of cannon and saw smoke rising from the city. Almost two thousand Christians were yet to perish before England got control of the situation.

From Malta the Barakats went to Marseilles where they were advised to sail for America. The American consul got them tickets, and they started off to find friends in the New World. The only direction they had was the address on the card that had once been given to Layyah and now was left behind. They could remember only "Dr. Dulles, Philadelphia, Chestnut." What "Chestnut" meant they had no idea.

Arriving at length in Philadelphia, the Barakats wandered from street to street, asking for "Dr. Dulles,



LAYYAH A. BARAKAT

The little Syrian girl whom her mother was urged to "throw away" during a massacre of the Syrians is now a mature woman, mothering the Syrian children of two hemispheres.

Chestnut," while a crowd of children followed, calling them gypsies, Indians, and other names. No one helped them, except an old woman selling doughnuts. She gave them three of the cakes when she heard little Emily crying with hunger.

At last a kindly policeman whom they consulted found in the directory that there was a Dr. Dulles who lived on Chestnut Street, and he put them on a horse-car which would take them to this address. Layyah, still shaken by her Egyptian experience, took the metal instrument at the conductor's belt for a revolver, and thought he was taking them somewhere to shoot them, until she saw him punch a ticket with it!

They found Dr. Dulles out of town, but Layyah finally recalled that the pastor of his church was called Dr. Dana, and she asked the housekeeper to direct them to him. He also was away, and now poor, tired Layyah sat down on the steps and cried, utterly worn out after a whole day's wandering.

The family started away again but were presently met by Dr. Dulles' housekeeper to whom they had given their names on a slip of paper.

She recognized "Layyah" as the name of the girl their Sunday school had educated, and followed them to ask, "Are you that same Layyah from Syria?"

Friends were found at last. The home of Dr. Dulles' son was opened to them at once, and he found them a quiet lodging-place. The church that had helped before came to their aid again, and work on a religious paper was soon found for Mr. Barakat.

Layyah had found rest, but often her heart was heavy, for she thought her work was at an end.

"Woe be unto me!" she cried to herself. "All my missionary work is over. I am in a Christian country; everybody in America is a Christian already, and there is no work for me to do!"

Not long after, she was invited to an assembly of missionary women, and after the luncheon was asked to say a few words to them.

"Never!" she cried; "I cannot speak. I am an Oriental woman—I was brought up under the veil. I can never speak!"

Then the president talked persuasively to her, telling her how much it would help if she would tell a little about her work as a teacher, and of the story of her life. Others came and insisted, and at last she slipped into a little anteroom and fell on her knees.

"Open my lips!" she prayed. "Give me the language!" Then she went into the crowded auditorium, and when called upon, rose bravely to speak. At length she said: "That is all of my English. When know more English, speak more."

As she sat down, a white-haired minister arose and said to her: "My daughter from the Orient, God bless you! Go north and south and east and west throughout this Christian America, telling what God has done for you, and may He make you a blessing wherever you go!" Layyah, with happy wonder, thought that he must have known the meaning of her name, for "Barakat" means "blessings." That hour was, she

declares, "at once the turning-point of my life and the benediction upon it." She found that there was work for her to do, even in a Christian country.

It is more than forty years since Layyah Barakat began to go up and down America telling the story of her life, and the needs of her people in the Orient. No one who has ever heard her can forget her, holding in her hands her Arabic Bible, and translating from it freely into English, with a running commentary drawn from the daily life of Syria, the proverbs and beliefs of her people, until her hearers feel as never before that the Bible is a living book, and the things that are hard for our Western minds to understand grow simple and natural in the light of her explanations.

Sometimes a life of traveling and public speaking such as Mrs. Barakat's will loosen home ties and make the speaker less thoughtful of what she can do in her own community. This has never been the case with her. Philadelphia, the city which first received her to the New World, has always been the place of her most earnest endeavors. Here her heart has been anchored by three unbreakable ties—her children, Emily (Mrs. Corey), and two sons, Samuel and Anees, all residents of that city; here she has labored for her Syrian countrymen, and by her untiring efforts to help them, has become probably the most influential Syrian in that city.

In any national group in such a city there are always two strata. The upper class, consisting usually of wealthy merchants, has little to do with the lower

class—the poor and ignorant people who have come over in the steerage and fill the city slums, trying to earn a mere living, and often in dire need of help. Between these two classes, Mrs. Barakat has been the connecting link. To her the poor and distressed come—not Syrians only, but Armenians and even Turks, in fact any who speak Arabic—when they need a helper. From hearing their needs, she goes with her tact and eloquence to enlist the aid of their wealthy countrymen, and gets help for many a despairing family. Not only with her own people, but everywhere, she willingly acts as interpreter and mediator. She has appealed to judges in behalf of Syrian prisoners with large families, who had been arraigned on trifling charges, and she has obtained their release. She has secured free legal advice for those in difficulties, free hospital and surgical aid for the suffering.

One incident will show the nature of her work. A Syrian workman employed in a Pennsylvania quarry lost his sight through an explosion, due to a mistake or wrong orders of the foreman. At that time there was no compensation law in Pennsylvania. The man must either have become a public charge, or be sent back to Syria to beg for the support of his wife and three small children. When Mrs. Barakat learned of this, she took up his case personally, with the aid of her attorney. First she gave the company that operated the quarry a chance to help the man, offering to settle the case out of court if they would give him three thousand dollars. When they refused, she took the

case into court, and won a verdict in the man's favor, which, after paying all expenses, left an amount far in excess of three thousand dollars. The man, now possessed of what would be a fortune in his country, went back to Syria and bought a farm, hiring help until his boys should be old enough to take charge of it; and, instead of being a public burden, lived an independent and self-respecting life among his neighbors.

Under the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Barakat had charge of work at the Philadelphia port for arriving Syrians; under the Pennsylvania Prison Society she has done great things for those who have broken our laws, often through failing to understand them. One of her chief ways of helping was by standing sponsor to paroled prisoners, who were required to make regular reports to her for periods of from one to three years. She held Christmas and Easter services in the Penitentiary; she met released prisoners with clothing when they came out, and helped them to find work.

One case was that of a man who had been confined in one of the state penitentiaries for second-degree murder. Mrs. Barakat had seen him only two or three times in the ten years of his twenty-year sentence before his parole, but had corresponded with him, and believed he was worthy of help. When he came out, she took him into her own home and kept him there for a week, until she had found a position for him.

"Isn't it dangerous," her daughter asked, "to have such a man living in our house?"

"Emily," said her mother, "God always takes care of His children, especially when they are doing His will. He will not let us suffer for helping this poor man!"

The man was a Mohammedan, and could find no one else to be his sponsor, so the Christian woman whom Mohammedans had persecuted from her childhood became his helper.

Other work of hers was the founding of a Syrian mission in the down-town section of Philadelphia, which became more frequented by Italians than by Syrians, and is now an Italian church. About five years ago she organized a neighborhood Bible class, which meets in various homes and which has nearly one hundred members enrolled.

So large a heart could not fail to be deeply impressed by the news of the terrible conditions prevailing in the Near East since the World War. Indeed, they came home with a personal meaning to Mrs. Barakat, when she learned that her own brother and sister in Syria had died of starvation. It was too late to save them, but there were many more who might yet be helped by relief work; so she organized her Bible class to collect food and clothing, of which they gathered about ten tons at a room used as headquarters in Philadelphia. In 1919, Mrs. Barakat started to Syria to distribute this relief; but when she reached that country, she learned that the vessel which carried the supplies had sunk.

Friends in America cabled money, and she went on

with the relief work as she had planned. The following year she returned to America, and collected ten thousand dollars insurance on the cargo which had been lost. This she decided to use as the nucleus of a fund for an orphanage in her native town of Abeih.

She remained in this country until 1922, collecting further funds for the orphanage, and organizing a committee for its management, incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania. The institution is known as the "Layyah A. Barakat Home for Orphan Girls."

She then went back to Abeih to put the orphanage in actual running order. It holds about fifteen girls now, and a much larger number can be accommodated when a suitable building is secured. Meantime she has enlisted the interest of many tourists in the enterprise; parties of them are invited to visit the orphanage, and their aid is enlisted in advertising and financing the work. After spending more than a year in this way, she has lately returned to her home in Philadelphia.

In the Foreword of a little volume entitled, *A Message from Mount Lebanon*, in which she has told the story of her early life, Mrs. Barakat declares that the only purpose of the book is to make known the goodness of God in directing her life; and to all who read her story she says, "My message is that if He can do what you shall read of here through a poor, weak, barefooted, Mount Lebanon girl, He can do far more through you."

VI

A MESSENGER OF GOOD NEWS

OUT of the heart of the Carpathian Mountains there flows a little stream, gathering volume until it becomes a small river which men have named the Wislok. On its way through Galicia, in the region of the Ukraine, its banks are bordered by a number of villages. One of them is named Wislok, from the river itself.

Along both banks of the river lies a thin line of houses extending almost five miles. Back from each little house, lying like a long ribbon stretched away from the river, is a strip of farm land, sometimes not more than ten or fifteen feet wide, but often a mile or two long. This strip, with the house which stands on it, is supposed always to be the possession of one family only, and is handed on from father to sons. Some of the farms were once much larger, but in the course of generations they have been divided into these strips, so that each child might have his portion.

Once in a while—oftener in recent years—the tiller of one of these long ribbons of soil grows tired of trying to make a living on it, and goes to America for a better chance. He sells his strip of land to a man who stays behind, so that nowadays one man sometimes owns two or three or more strips lying in different parts of the village.

On such a farm in the town of Wislok, thirty or forty years ago, there lived a man named Ivan Halenda.

A much-respected man, he was an able director of singing in the Greek Catholic Church to which all the people of the village belonged, and of which the Halenda family had been very devout members for generations. Many of them had become monks, and the records show forty-eight Greek Catholic priests who have come out of this family.

It looked as though Ivan Halenda's farm were to be subject to a great deal of division, for he had many children. Six boys and five girls played and worked together on the family acres. In the village, all the children had to work. The younger ones cared for the baby while the mother worked on the farm; those who were a little older herded the cattle, and the eldest ones worked in the fields with their parents. Many of the children were kept so hard at work that they got little schooling; but the Halendas always managed to send their children to school, so that they might learn at least to read and write.

One of the boys, the one they called Michael, seemed to his parents to be fitted to follow the family custom and become a priest. They sent him to a higher school, or gymnasium, as such schools are called in Europe.

"This is not the place for you!" said the teachers of this school, when he applied. "Schools are for the children of a higher class of people. Farmers' chil-

dren should stay on the land and cultivate it; learning is not their business!"

They allowed him to stay for a time, but later dismissed him on some pretext. Then his parents sent him for some years to a school of mechanics. Soon after his graduation, he left home for America, where an older brother, Simeon, had gone two years before.

By this time Ivan Halenda had died. The oldest brother, Stephen, was trying to do his best for his mother and the children who remained at home; but he was married, and had his own responsibilities, and the younger brothers felt eager to do something for themselves. America called to them; and two years after the father's death, the third brother, Peter, sailed for the United States.

How different from the little village along the river, with its ribbon-like farms, was the country in which Peter found his brother Michael! It lay in the hard-coal region of Pennsylvania, in the Schuylkill Valley, where the streams ran black as ink, the high culmbanks frowned darkly over the landscape, the trees and shrubbery were blighted by the sulphur fumes, and the giant "breakers"—tall wooden buildings full of windows, in which the coal is washed and sorted—stood roaring and quivering with the vibrations of their powerful machinery.

Inside these breakers there sat row after row of young boys, with a few older or disabled men who could no longer work in the mines. Beneath them, in long chutes, ran the constantly moving coal, washed

by a stream of cold water. From this moving mass the "breaker boys" had to pick out the pieces of slate and throw them aside. In cool weather their fingers grew numb from the icy water, and often they were cut or bruised by the coal and slate. Many of the boys were too young to be at work, but were kept out of school to help support the family. Back in Galicia also the children had been kept out of school to work; but theirs had been open-air labor, in the free wind and sunshine, not grinding, back-breaking toil like this!

The younger children, here in the mining town, had often the task of tending the family cow or goat, as at home in the "old country." But here it was not a matter of watching in a safe, open pasture. The hills above the town, where the cattle found scanty grass, were pitted and honey-combed with great holes, called "cave-ins." When the coal is taken away from under the ground, the earth above it naturally falls in, sometimes very suddenly. You might walk along one of the paths on such a hill, and come back an hour later to find that a part of the path had disappeared, and make your way around the yawning hole by grasping stones or bushes. More than one cow or goat, and sometimes even the children who tended them, vanished in this way, buried under earth and rocks in some worked-out mine shaft.

Smaller children, also, though not big enough to go far from home, were still subject to danger as they ran and tumbled in the coal dust that covered the

narrow streets, and had often to be snatched by an older child from the way of the brewer's heavy wagon or the trampling feet of the "fire horses." With dogs, goats, and chickens they swarmed in and out of the dingy houses at will, or took a nap on the edge of the curb while their mothers toiled inside to provide for their many children, and often for boarders as well.

A saloon flourished on every corner. In those days, it was the only place of cheap entertainment for the working man. Here he met his fellow workers, after the toil of the day was over, to discuss politics or labor conditions. Here he made and heard fiery speeches against the "Company" and all its works and ways. The "Company store," owned and operated by the coal company, from which the miners were obliged to buy at prices that were often excessive, was a favorite subject for criticism; so were the variations in wages and the exactions of the "bosses." Here were suggested and planned strikes against the company, such as made more than one winter a time of starvation and violence in that unhappy valley. Here men drank and sang and played cards or dice and forgot for a little while that tomorrow the fall of a rock or a whiff of poisonous gas might end it all for them.

What the saloon was to the men, the back-yards were to their wives—their only social club, where they chattered in strange tongues across the fences, stopping now and then to scream at a child who was catching the little chickens or teasing the baby. Deep under all their noisy laughter was always a listening

dread—a dread that listened for the sound of the ambulance that might come rumbling along at any moment, bearing the victim of a mine disaster. “Is it my man?” would run like lightning from house to house when that terrible rumbling drew near. No wonder a long sigh of relief rose daily to the lips of every miner’s wife when she heard his tired footsteps coming through the alley to the kitchen door and could fill the wooden tub with warm water for the nightly scrubbing of his inky face and hands!

Into these gloomy scenes came Peter Halenda, a boy of eighteen. He was determined to support himself, but for a time this was difficult because work was scarce, and he was not strong enough for heavy labor. But Michael helped him in every possible way, and he managed to live, though he did not earn enough to save anything.

Meantime, back in the homeland, the next brother, Dimitry, aided by the village priest of Wislok, who knew the boy’s desire to follow the priestly calling, had left the village to go to school. In the course of time, he graduated, and then, with the youngest brother, Theodore, came to America also. For a time, Dimitry taught in a Greek Catholic parochial school and directed the church singing in Plymouth, Pennsylvania. But in the year 1900 he joined Peter and Theodore in Pittsburgh, where they went to work on the North Side for the Pressed Steel Car Company.

Not long afterward this company built a new car-shop at a place called Presstown—also familiarly

known as "Hunkytown"—near McKee's Rocks. Here the company erected several hundred houses for the workmen, of the sort seen so commonly in the steel and coal regions—rows of plain, bare frame buildings, looking like barracks, and crowded to overflowing chiefly with young men who sleep on cheap mattresses usually flung on the floor, as many as can be crowded into the little rooms. Here, in the boarding-house kept by Wasyl Riopka, the three Halendas found lodging, together with a dozen other young men of about their own age.

It was not a life of great interest or variety for boys such as they. In those days employers took little thought for the way in which their employees might spend their leisure hours; but the brewers did. Every day the beer wagons went rattling about the streets. On Saturday they were particularly busy because a double supply must be laid in for Sunday.

On the morning of that day, the men—some of them already half drunk from their festivities of the night before—usually went to church; most of them were Greek or Roman Catholics, who believed that the sooner they could get the business of church-going over and done with, the more of the day they would have for their own, to spend as they pleased. As the day went on, there would rise from the bare, wooden houses the thump of heavily dancing feet, the whine of accordions, the sound of singing in all keys and languages, the slapping of cards on tables, the harsh voices of quarreling men, and presently the upsetting

of furniture and the scuffle of a free-for-all fight. Then the patrol-wagon would come jangling up, and the bruised and bleeding combatants would be bundled in and taken to the "lock-up."

To the Halenda brothers, this sort of amusement was not attractive. They had been taught better things by their good father, Ivan; and these memories kept them from many of the temptations which were too strong for their companions.

About this time some of the Christian peoples of Pittsburgh began to notice the neglected condition of these foreign-speaking workmen, and to plan something for their benefit. The Presbytery of Pittsburgh persuaded Dr. Vaclav Losa, who was doing a successful work in Nebraska, to come and start a mission in Presstown, where he would be especially valuable because he was familiar with most of the languages spoken in the community. The Pressed Steel Car Company gave him a house to live in, and he began to go about the town studying his field.

As he went about, he saw only too plainly the need for such work as he was sent to do, but not so plainly how to make the beginning. The men were satisfied, it seemed, with their miserable way of living. Drink had blunted their desire for better things; hard work had left them indifferent and dull. For seven weeks he tried in vain to interest them, and during all that time he did not succeed in getting a soul to come to his mission.

Deeply discouraged, he was walking along the

street one Sunday afternoon when he saw in a back-yard a group of fifteen young men lounging at ease, laughing and talking. A great desire arose in his heart, and he prayed, "Oh, God, help me to win the friendship of at least three or four of these young men!"

He entered the yard and began to talk to them in his own language, which most of them understood. Soon they were gathered around him, and one of them went into the house and brought out to him a glass of beer.

"No, I thank you," said Dr. Losa. "That is something I do not use, though I thank you for your kindness in offering it to me. But I have something to offer to you, which is much better than that; it is something that will give you happiness, and bring no trouble after it."

From his pocket he drew a little Testament and opened it.

"Listen!" he said. "Do you want to know who are the truly happy people in this world?" He turned to the book of Revelation and read, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein."

For some time he sat and talked with them and then invited them to come and hear more at the service he was going to hold at the mission that day. When the time for the service came, he found that his prayer had been answered; for out of the group of fifteen,



A SLAVIC MISSIONARY AMONG MINERS IN PENNSYLVANIA

It is to miners like these that Mr. Habenda is taking Bible printed in their own language.

four young men came to hear him—the three Halenda brothers and Wasyl Riopka, the “boarding boss.”

The heart of the missionary was glad as he looked into their earnest faces, and the message he gave them was one of gladness also. He told them of the joy that fills the heart of God when one of His children believes His word and tries to do His will. They had heard much of God, but only as a stern ruler and judge, who had to be approached through many saints before He would listen to sinful men. Now they learned that the Father was rejoicing at that very moment because they had come to hear more about Him. The love of God entered deeply into their hearts that day, in the little mission house.

They took home with them a copy of the Bible in Russian; it was not yet issued in the Ukrainian dialect, or, as it is also called, the Ruthenian language, but all of them could read Russian fairly well. Few Catholic families have Bibles, even of the Catholic version, and the priests do not encourage them to read it. So the four opened this Bible with intense interest. They read very carefully and carried all their questions about it to Dr. Losa. Their questions were many, because they soon found differences between the teaching of the Bible and the things their church had taught them.

They began to talk about these things to their friends.

“But this book that you have,” many of these friends objected, “is not the right Bible. It is a Prot-

estant Bible, and is no good at all. Every true Bible is sealed with the bishop's or the Pope's seal; and there is no such seal on this book, as you can see for yourselves."

"Very well," said the young men, "we will get a Catholic Bible and see what the difference is."

So they managed to get a Bible in two volumes, which had been sent from Rome, and bore the seal of Pope Leo XIII. This they compared with their own Bible, and found that, except for certain passages, it was much the same. The difference lay mostly in the explanations given by the priests, which made some things sound quite different from the obvious reading of the text.

Hot were the discussions that arose over these things, but the four men became stronger every day in their belief that they had found the real truth; and before long they confessed this faith and joined the little mission.

This made their former friends very angry, and they began to persecute the converts in every possible way. They were put out of the various organizations of their countrymen to which they belonged, were hissed on the streets and at their work, and were called heretics and traitors.

Their changed way of living also gave great offense to their companions. They had always kept away from the worst vices of the place, but now they gave up entirely all smoking, drinking, dancing, card-playing, and everything which seemed to them to make it

harder for people to serve God faithfully. Of course their former friends resented all this greatly, and abused them for trying to be better than others.

Shortly after their conversion to the Protestant faith, the Pittsburgh Presbytery asked the three Halendas to give up their employment and devote their whole time to carrying the Bible into the homes of the people. So they became colporteurs, or Bible distributors. At that time, in this region, only about five families out of every hundred had a Bible of any kind. Though it paid them far less than they had been earning, the brothers took up this work because they felt that it was greatly needed, and that it was a privilege to be able to help people learn the truth.

When their companions found that persecution had no effect on the young converts, they began to write home to their people about them. Wasyl Riopka had a brother in Europe who grew very angry when he learned that his brother had become a Protestant. He called in all his neighbors and relatives, and they all mourned over this terrible news and discussed what could be done about it.

"I will go to America myself and see Wasyl," at last the brother declared. "I will bring him back to the faith of our fathers, or I will kill him with my own hands! It is better for him to die than to live in such disgrace!"

And the zealous brother actually did come to America. But he was not able to turn Wasyl back to the old faith; for before he had time to carry out

his threat, the truth his brother explained to him took hold of his own heart, and he also became a reader of the Bible and a member of the mission church.

The Halenda brothers had one trial even harder to bear than all the persecutions of their former companions. Some of their countrymen reported to their mother, at home in Wislok, that her sons in America had become heretics and infidels, and had given up the religion of their fathers. Their mother wept and would not be comforted; at last she wrote her sons: "My children, I am growing old, but still I had expected to live a few years longer. Now, since I hear that you have given up the religion of your father, and of his forefathers, I am broken down by grief; and unless you recant, I shall go down before my time to the grave, with a broken heart!"

The sons wrote letter after letter to their mother, trying to explain to her what the change in their lives really meant, but she could not understand. At last Peter said: "I will go home and see our mother, and talk with her. Perhaps I can explain things better."

So he went home to Wislok and visited his mother, striving to comfort and reassure her. It was a trying visit, for the priest of the village argued with him and warned everyone against him. His people were only a little consoled by what Peter told them; but some time later, the old mother herself came to America with one of her daughters, and visited her sons. Then what she saw of their lives and work, and the kindness shown to her by Protestant people, convinced

her that they were right, and she as well as the sister became Protestants also.

All three brothers had started their work as col-porteurs, but after a time the two younger ones began to follow different lines of Christian service. Dimitry, the second of the trio, went to Mount Hermon, Mr. Moody's school, in Massachusetts. Afterward he attended the Pittsburgh Academy, and then the Western Theological Seminary, and became a minister. Theodore also entered the ministry, and is now serving a church in Hartford, Connecticut.

In 1907, Dimitry went home to Wislok to see his relatives. The priest was ready to oppose him also, and they had many long arguments about the differences in their beliefs. When Dimitry returned to America, the priest said to the oldest brother, Stephen Halenda, "I don't wonder that so many of our people, over there in America, are converted to Protestantism, for if Dimitry had been here much longer, I am afraid he would have converted me, too!"

On his return the young man—now the Reverend Dimitry Halenda—took up again a work which he had started while still in the seminary. On the South Side of Pittsburgh he had organized and taught a night school, then had organized a Sunday school, and finally a church—a congregation of Ukrainian people, of which he is still the pastor.

When he began this work, he met with great opposition. He was called all sorts of names, was pointed at on the street, and the very people he sought to help

would cross the street to avoid him or shut their doors in his face. Children who came to his Sunday school were punished both by their parents and by their teachers in the Catholic parochial schools.

Through it all, the young pastor kept calm, patient and friendly, never showing resentment, but always ready to help and serve, until he won their respect and confidence, and finally their hearts. In this way he won one of his first and strongest converts. This man came to him one day and said:

"I have decided that I want to join your church."

"And how does that happen?" asked Pastor Halenda.

"Well, you see," said the man, "whenever I have gone to my Greek Catholic Church, I have been hearing the priest talking against you and telling the people to have nothing to do with you. But when I have come to your services, I have heard you pray for all your enemies, and for those very priests who oppose you so bitterly, and I believe that yours is the real religion of Christ."

Without wearying, this faithful missionary has gone about helping his people wherever he could—in their homes, at their work, in hospitals, in courts and in prisons. Instead of being hated, he is now the best-loved man in that part of the city, and the whole attitude of the people toward the Protestant faith has changed. In his Daily Vacation Bible School last summer he taught children of eleven different nationalities.

He has a beautiful little church, built by the gift of an American lady. In this church more than five hundred people have been converted, though only about a hundred are now members of the church. The rest, moving from place to place in search of work, have carried out the influence of the church all over the United States and Canada, and even back to their own country, from which constant requests are coming that Protestant missionaries be sent there.

Peter Halenda has always remained a colporteur, and has devoted more than twenty years of efficient and devoted service to carrying the Bible to people of all nationalities. When he began, as we have seen, there were about five in every hundred homes that possessed a Bible. Now the number is about sixty-five in a hundred. He distributes Bibles in twenty-four languages—before the war, in thirty-six. At present Bibles in certain languages are not being printed. He has sold about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Bibles, Testaments, and other books, and at least one-half million pages of tracts.

As he goes from house to house, this question meets Mr. Halenda everywhere, "How dare we read this book, which is forbidden by the priest?"

By way of reply, he quotes the words Dr. Losa brought to him years ago, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy."

Then they ask him why the priest forbids it; and he tells them how, many years ago, the Catholic Church neglected the Book of God and taught the

people legends and traditions instead. He tells them how, in the course of time, a wise man here and there would find a copy of the Bible and read it and would realize what a treasure he had found and wish to share it with others. He explains that all the copies were in Greek or Hebrew or Latin, and that the people who were not scholars could not read them. So, he goes on, these unselfish men began to translate the Bible into the every-day language of their people—some in Germany, others in France, still others in Switzerland, in Sweden and in England; and people began to read it eagerly, and to see that they had been mistaken about many things. Then, he adds, they were very glad, because they learned that through Jesus Christ we can come directly to God with all our needs, with no priest or saint to stand between.

This coming back to the Bible was what we know as the Reformation, or the “making over” of the church; and the men who translated the Bible—Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Wyclif, and others—are called the “reformers.” The Roman Catholic Church cast them out, with those who followed them, because they protested against its wrong teaching; and this is why the non-Catholic churches today are known as “Protestant.”

Sometimes he finds readers among people who are ready to give up all religion because of the way in which they have seen it practised. One such case was that of a family belonging to a church whose priest was a money-loving and selfish man. The father of

this family had his back broken in a mine accident and became paralyzed. ' He had been in the hospital six months, but nothing could help him; and now he had lain six months more on his bed at home, helpless and discouraged. One day, feeling very weak, and fearing that he was about to die, he sent for the priest to come and hear his confession.

After the confession, the miner's wife brought out a little glass with some change in it, and told the priest to take out his fee from the glass, which contained about three dollars. The priest declared that this was not enough.

Then the woman explained: "We have four children, and nobody knows how hard it is to take care of them and of my poor, crippled husband. There are no factories here for me to work in, but I get a little money from my kind-hearted neighbors. They pay me fifty cents a day for doing their washing, or twenty-five cents for helping to clean house, and sometimes not that much. All I have are the pennies and nickels in this glass. I have nothing else unless I should give you one of my children!"

The priest, without a word, emptied the glass into his pocket and walked out of the house, leaving them without a penny.

"The poor, crippled man," writes Mr. Halenda, "was telling me his story with tears in his eyes. So I opened the Bible and read to him, comforting him with the help of God. Then I asked him if he would like to have that book, and he said he would like to

have it very much, but it was impossible for him to pay for it. Of course I gave him the Bible outright. He thanked me many times, and I was very glad to be able to help such a poor and helpless family."

Not all of Mr. Halenda's visits are as safe and pleasant as this one. Often he goes into places where men are playing cards and smoking, and where he is roughly told that nobody has any time to listen to him. Usually, instead of leaving, he waits patiently till their game is finished, and then asks permission to tell them about something better than cards. Often his patience and courtesy win him purchasers, after they have seen that he cannot be discouraged by their rudeness.

Some of his time he spends among the Negroes, in the district known as the worst part of the hill section of Pittsburgh. Once he was warned by Negro men not to enter a certain flat where there was constant fighting and in which someone was killed almost every month. There were over a hundred families, all Negroes, living in that tenement. In spite of the warning, he went into the building, and sold thirty-five Bibles there. In the worst part of the hill district he has sold over four hundred Bibles.

As he goes from house to house, he finds many opportunities of helping people. One evening, while working in Coraopolis, an order was given him for a Bible to be delivered on Neville Island. He delivered the Bible, and was on his way home to attend an entertainment in the church that night, when he

began to feel troubled because he had not visited any of the houses in the neighborhood. His sense of duty undone was so strong that he turned back to make some calls. At the very first house, as he stood at the door, he heard sounds of bitter crying within. He knocked, and a woman came to the door with tears running down her face. She told him, between her sobs, that her husband had beaten her very severely and had then taken all the money in the house and had run away, leaving her sick and penniless.

"I might just as well jump into the river and be out of my misery," she said, "unless you can tell me what to do. Surely God has sent you to me at the darkest hour of my life!"

"Yes, God has sent me to help you," said the good colporteur, and he gave her great comfort by his kind words. Next day he went with her to the Pittsburgh post-office, where her husband had several hundred dollars in Postal Savings. He told the officials of her destitute condition and secured fifty dollars at once for her. Later on she became a member of the church and attends regularly every Sunday.

It has been the great mission and glory of the Protestant Church, down to the present day, to give the Bible to all people in their own tongue. That is why Mr. Halenda and many others have given their lives to carrying the Book of Truth to those who are without it. "How beautiful upon the mountains," says the Book, "are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings!"

VII

A SHINING LIGHT

IN the dooryard of a New Mexican home, one morning about forty years ago, a little boy of eight was busy at his play. Presently an uncertain step sounded on the threshold of the house, and in the doorway an old man appeared. His eyes were dim with age, and he stood peering out vaguely into the strong sunlight that kindled his white hair into a crown of silver.

"Where are my eyes?" he called aloud. "I need my eyes this morning!"

At once the little boy jumped up. "Here I am, Grandfather! Here are your eyes!" he cried. "Are we going driving this morning?"

"Yes, Ambrosio," replied the old man. "I have a number of calls to make, and I must borrow your bright eyes to find the way for me."

"I like to be your eyes and take you driving, Grandfather," said the boy, hastening to bring the little pony and hitch him to the cart. Don Ambrosio Gonzales groped his way, smiling, into the house to find his hat.

Soon the two were seated side by side, driving happily along in the morning brightness of forty years ago. Don Ambrosio Gonzales, the grandfather, was going to make calls on some members of his congrega-

tion, and on some others whom he was trying to interest in attending church; for he had been the first Protestant Mexican in all the territory of New Mexico, and had become the first Mexican preacher in the whole United States.

Little Ambrosio, his namesake, had come to live with his grandparents when he was only a year old. His parents were living, but, with their six other children, they had been rich enough to spare Ambrosio to be the joy and help of his aged grandfather.

As the old gentleman and the little grandson bumped along over the uneven roads in the little cart, they talked, as they often did, of the days when Grandfather Ambrosio was young; of how he had grown up among neighbors who were ignorant and superstitious, believing in all sorts of charms and witchcraft, and knowing nothing of real faith in a loving God, nor much of any religion except what was told them now and then by traveling priests.

"I had a better education than most of them," said Don Ambrosio, "but I grew up with my soul in the dark. It was just thirty years ago that the light of God's truth began to shine for me."

"Tell me about it, Grandfather!" begged the boy.

"You have heard it so often," said his grandfather, "that I think you ought to be able to tell it yourself!"

"But I like to hear it!" persisted the boy, and Don Ambrosio willingly began.

"There was a good man, a Methodist minister, named Nicholson," he said. "When he came to

Peralta, I was glad to entertain him in my home, because he was a kind and friendly man, and I could see that he came to try to do good to our people.

"Before he left, he said to me, 'Don Ambrosio, I know that you are one of the few people about here who have an education and can read well. I wonder if you would not be interested in a book I have here. I will gladly give it to you to read, and if you like it, you may keep it.'

"I took the book and began to read. It was a Bible—the first Bible of any kind I had ever seen. I started at the beginning, and it told a wonderful story of how God made the world, and all the plants and animals, and then men and women. I read on, finding the stories of Noah and his ark, of Abraham and Jacob and Joseph. The rest of the family went to bed, but I was not sleepy; so I sat reading further and further in that wonderful book.

"After a long while, I thought I would turn to the second part of the book—for I saw that it was divided into two parts—and see what that was about. I soon found it was about our Lord Jesus Christ and His wonderful words and deeds. I knew a little about Him, what the priests had taught us; but I had never read for myself just what He said and did. I began to read His words in the Gospel of John, and it was just as if He spoke to me Himself, when I read, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

"As I read on and on, suddenly I heard a sound outside. It was the chickens in the pen beside the

door, and already they were crowing for daybreak! I had read all night!

"Then I found that I was very tired and sleepy, so I lay down on the couch there in the living-room, and fell asleep. When I woke it was broad daylight, and the sun was streaming through the window, shining directly on my face. But the light in my heart was brighter still, for now I knew that God was my loving Father, and that I need never be troubled or afraid of anything again!"

"And then you wanted to be a preacher," said the boy, who knew the story by heart.

"Yes, I wanted to tell everybody the good news that had come to me," said the white-haired minister. "I am growing old, and I shall not go about much longer, teaching and preaching; for my sight is almost darkened, and if my Ambrosio were not eyes for me, I would have had to give up my work before this. But the brightness is still in my heart, just as it was when I woke up that morning and saw the sunshine pouring in the window, and the good Book lying beside me on the table!"

There were not to be many more of these happy drives together. The next year, when Ambrosio was nine years old, his grandfather fell ill. One day he called the boy to his bedside and made him kneel down beside him, putting his hand lovingly on the shining dark hair.

"Ambrosio, my dear boy," he said, "I am going to leave you very soon. You have my name, and I am

glad to think there will still be an Ambrosio Gonzales to take my place. I wish that you might take up my work also, when you are old enough, and become a minister of the gospel, to carry the good news as I have tried to do."

Not long after this, Grandfather Ambrosio died. Ambrosio missed him very much, but after all he was a very little boy, and the memory of his grandfather's words was soon put away on one of the back shelves of his busy mind, to lie there for many a day unremembered.

The boy went back to his parents for a time; but it was not long before an uncle, who kept a saloon in connection with a store, offered to take Ambrosio to live with him, to help him wait on customers.

In these surroundings, the memory of Don Ambrosio and his Book grew dimmer and more dreamlike every day. There was nothing in the new life to remind him of his grandfather's wish; if he ever thought of it, it had no attraction for him. The gossip of the store, the noisy talk of the saloon, filled his ears and his mind.

The uncle found Ambrosio a prompt and intelligent helper. At last one day he said to the growing boy:

"Ambrosio, you do not want to spend all your life as a bartender. I think you would make a good business man if you had more education. Suppose I send you to school for a few years, and then you can come back here and be my partner."

Ambrosio felt large and manly.

"Where shall I go to school?" he asked.



AMBROSIO C. GONZALES

Mr. Gonzales is pastor of a Spanish-American mission in the Southwest from which, in thirteen years, twelve new preaching centers have been developed. Counting both the American-born Spanish-speaking people and the Mexican immigrants, we have now about a million and a half people in this country whose language is Spanish.

"Well," said his uncle, "the best school I know in this part of the country is the Boys' Biblical College in Albuquerque. They will give you a good practical training, as well as habits of industry and thrift."

"But that is a preacher school!" said Ambrosio, in surprise. "I do not want to go there, if I am to learn to be a merchant and saloonkeeper!"

"They will give you a good education," said his uncle. "It does not matter what you are going to be afterward. You do not have to become a preacher just because they train them at the school."

So Ambrosio entered Albuquerque College, one of the most successful home mission institutions of the great Southwest.

We can hardly imagine today what it meant to the boys and girls of the New Mexico of that day to have such a school to attend as this college and the Harwood Industrial School for Girls in the same city. These schools were founded by the great Methodist missionary, Thomas Harwood, who spent half a century in New Mexico. When he first came into that territory, in 1870, he reported that "not a public schoolhouse could be found; hardly a Bible in one family in a thousand, and only a few other books; hardly a public road or a bridge; hardly an American plow, wagon, or buggy." Seventy-three per cent of the people over ten years of age could not read, and seventy-eight per cent were unable to write.

Even at the present day it is hard for a traveler in New Mexico to realize that he is in the United States.

Preacher." He helped to organize the first Epworth League for Spanish-speaking young people in New Mexico. In the year 1900 he became a regular pastor, and received his first appointment in the town of Clayton, near the Colorado border.

While the youthful minister was getting acquainted with his new field, a young woman by the name of Marta Frances Garcia was teaching in a country school, only a short distance from Clayton. Like Ambrosio, Marta was American-born, of a Protestant family, and of Spanish descent, one of her ancestors being Cabeza de Baca, or De Vaca, who was said to be the first European to set foot upon the soil of New Mexico, and about whom this romantic tale was told.

After the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, so the story goes, the Spaniards in Mexico were very eager to penetrate the country to the northward because of a tradition that in that region lay the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola, where even the doorsills and lintels of the houses were set with turquoises, and riches beyond description were stored. De Baca and a few companions made a journey into this unexplored territory in 1528, meeting with marvelous adventures. At one place, finding some sick Indians and undertaking to cure them, they became objects of such reverence to the tribe that they had great difficulty in getting away. The belief of the Indians in their power as sorcerers, as well as their interest in the articles they carried to trade with, enabled them to travel all over the country which is now known as Texas, and over into the wilder-

ness of New Mexico. De Baca suffered imprisonment among the Indians for seven or eight years, but at last escaped and got back to his comrades in Mexico. His tales fired their imaginations, and many of them went into the new land to explore and settle it, though they never found the fabled riches of the Seven Cities.

Almost four hundred years later, a descendant of the discoverer, Ezekiel Cabeza de Baca, became governor of New Mexico, and this man was the great-uncle of the charming young teacher, Marta Garcia.

It was not of the De Bacas, however, past or present, that Ambrosio Gonzales thought when he met the lovely and talented girl. In her he saw a vision and a purpose like his own, and he asked her to share his life-work. They were married in December, 1900. Mrs. Gonzales continued to teach for some years, first in the public schools, afterward in several mission schools.

Mr. Gonzales served several pastorates in New Mexico; then in 1912 he was called to become the first Spanish-American pastor under the Methodist Board in California. This was a new work when he took it up, in the town of Santa Ana. There was at first no church. There were no members, and only a few people were at all interested. But soon the work began to grow. An old Mormon church was bought, and large numbers of Mexicans began to attend it. The work has now spread and become established in a circle of neighboring towns and cities. From the one small mission twelve new preaching places have been developed.

Mr. Gonzales later became pastor of a church in Pasadena which has had the remarkable record of a hundred per cent increase of membership in one year, with no losses. He served this church for seven years, until its growing demands caused his health to break. He is now in charge of a small but rapidly growing mission near Pasadena.

Work of this sort is of a different kind from that performed by Grandfather Ambrosio Gonzales among the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico. In Grandfather Gonzales' time the dwellers in the scattered towns were largely of American birth. Some of them were not from old Mexico at all, but were descended from Mexico's Spanish conquerors who settled in New Mexico; others were of Mexican families that moved many years before to our side of the border. Today an increasing number of our population are people who have been coming in as immigrants from Mexico during the last ten or fifteen years—that is, ever since the unsettled conditions in Mexico have driven her people out to seek security in the United States. Many thousands of these Mexicans are laborers who come to find work, or who have been imported as contract labor by American employers. Altogether, counting both the American-born Spanish-speaking people and the Mexican immigrants, we have now about a million and a half people in this country whose language is Spanish.

In all the border states, and far up into other parts of the country, these Mexican immigrants are to be

found. Many of them were admitted as laborers during the World War, to make up for the shortage of labor caused by the draft. Had they not come into the United States, many fertile parts of our Southwest would have deteriorated into desert country for want of cultivation. The Mexicans raise corn and cotton in Texas; they are the principal workers in the sugar-beet industry, from California to Michigan; they work in the orange and walnut groves and in the bean fields of Southern California; and they are coming to be considered the finest florists on the Coast, even surpassing the Japanese.

Agriculture is only one of the many occupations of the Mexicans in the United States. Thousands of them are employed on our railroads, making track, cleaning cars, and loading stock. They herd immense numbers of cattle and sheep, caring for them alone in the wilderness where other workmen refuse to go. They are described as "natural miners," proving very skilful in taking out coal, copper, gold, and silver, and many other ores. They do road and construction work. Others are listed as "storekeepers, laundrymen, barbers, clerks, chauffeurs, printers, street-sweepers, news-venders, bootblacks, window-cleaners, gardeners, cobblers, expressmen, meat-cutters, scrub-women, factory workers, ranchers, teamsters, carpenters, plumbers," and so forth. There seems to be no form of industry to which the Mexican cannot turn his hand, and he has the reputation of being a steady, faithful worker.

It is not only the men who come across the border;

they bring their wives and children along—families of eight, nine or ten being common. They are very poor, coming with nothing but the clothes they wear, and crowding into the cheapest shacks they can find. Sometimes a dozen persons live in one room. In the Mexican quarter of the cities, where they are crowded together in houses usually without baths, often with no plumbing at all, health conditions naturally become very bad. When sickness comes, they shrink from the help they might receive in the hospitals, because of their superstitious fear of the fabled “black bottle,” a draught from which, they believe, might put them out of the way and no one be any the wiser.

Others, who have become the victims of drink, leave large families to be cared for by charity. Those who, by ignorance of our language and laws, have been arrested unjustly, are in hapless case unless they find a friendly interpreter. In all these ways, the Mexican in the United States needs the aid of someone who can understand his language, and whose kindly sympathy will inspire him to spend time and care on the problems of the helpless immigrant.

Such helpers have Mr. and Mrs. Gonzales been during all the time of their missionary labors. Being American citizens, and yet of Spanish blood, they form a link between the two races. On the one hand they gain the confidence of the Spanish-speaking people and gather them into school and church, and, on the other, they can enlist the interest of American Christian people, who have given large sums to establish

Bible and industrial schools for their Mexican neighbors.

One of the successful experiments of Pastor Gonzales in Pasadena is a hotel for young Mexican men, in a building which was formerly a den of gambling Chinese and Greeks, who had been doing great harm among the Mexicans. Mr. Gonzales filled it with young men, all of whom attended the Pasadena church. Every day, during meal-times, one of their number read aloud from the Bible while the rest were eating. The pastor's brother, Aaron, was in charge of this enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Gonzales are always seeking to find among the younger people some who may be trained to spread the gospel and drive away the fears and superstitions that gather in the darkness of ignorance. They have been very successful in this work. Mr. Gonzales rejoices especially over five young men, four of them brought into Christian service while he was their pastor, who have now become preachers.

One of these was a young man who had been a captain in the bandit army of Pancho Villa in Mexico. When Mr. Gonzales first found him among the workmen in a section house, the man was afraid to go to church on the pastor's invitation. Gradually, however, his shyness was overcome, and he came to be a power among the young people in the League meetings, always ready to take part in any service and encouraging others to do the same. Now he is one of the most promising young preachers in the Latin-American Mission in that district.

Many stories could be told of the changes that have taken place in the lives of men and women through the very presence among them of a church where the services are conducted in their own language. One such story comes from the period when Mr. Gonzales was pastor of the little mission church in Santa Aña.

One night, a Mexican was passing along the street with a hot and angry heart. Four years before, another Mexican had treated him very badly, and he had brooded over it all those years. The longer he thought of him, the more he hated the man who had wronged him; and at last he had come to the point where it seemed to him that he could no longer go on living in the same world with his enemy. So he was going to the man's house that night with weapons in his pockets to kill his enemy or be killed by him.

As he passed the mission church, he heard sweet singing and paused for a moment. The words were in his own language, and he listened to the end of the hymn. Then a man began to read from a book; this, too, was in Spanish instead of Latin, and the listener stayed to hear it. Next the man began to preach, and the sermon was all about brotherly love. Outside, in the dark, the angry heart of the injured man began to soften, and then to turn away with horror from the thought of the dreadful thing he had been planning to do. He listened until the end of the service, and then went quietly home.

Next day the man came to the parsonage and asked to see Pastor Gonzales.

"Would you please read some more," he said, "from that book you were reading in the church last night?"

Mr. Gonzales took his Bible and began to read to the man. After listening for a while, the visitor drew from his pockets a large revolver and a long Mexican knife and laid them on the minister's desk, saying:

"May I exchange these implements of death for a copy of that word of life?"

Then he told the pastor the story of his great temptation and how he was saved from it by the words he had heard from the church the night before.

"Let us go," said Mr. Gonzales, who saw that the man's heart was deeply touched, "and see that man who was your enemy, and ask him to become a friend."

So they went with words of friendship instead of deadly weapons; and soon the former enemies were asking forgiveness of each other. The families of both men began to come to the little mission, and the sons and daughters of the intended murderer have become very active and helpful workers in the church.

There are still many whose minds and hearts are dark because of ignorance and wrong teaching; but the light that shone long ago for Don Ambrosio from the pages of the Book is being spread farther and farther each day by the labors of his grandson, who has chosen as his motto the words:

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

VIII

A SHUTTLE OF THE GREAT LOOM

EARLY one Sabbath morning, the beadle, or crier, was going about the streets in the Jewish quarter of a Hungarian village, striking the doors with a hammer to waken the people in time to go to the synagogue. As he struck on one door, crying, "Uri, Uri!" (Awake, awake!), a little new-born cry answered him from within the house. The little boy who was born just as the beadle called was known in the household, for some years after, by the nickname of "Uri."

He had another name, of course—that of his father, Edward Steiner. It was a name given him with many tears, for the father who had borne it before him had died some months earlier, stricken with cholera while helping to care for the sick in the village. This pestilence followed a battle, and was followed in its turn by famine. Robber bands passed through the town at night, and many Jewish homes were broken into and plundered. It was dangerous to be a Jew of a well-to-do family, as Edward's people were.

In spite of this, the little boy was five years old before he began to learn that he was different from any of his playmates. The village children, Jew and Gentile, played together as friends, and Edward was on good terms with them all. He helped them with their work, gave them a share of his sweetmeats, and played

in all their games. At Easter time he helped make willow switches and went around with the Gentile boys, threatening to whip the girls, who would buy them off with colored eggs. Edward's mother and brother did not know that he took part in this particular Gentile diversion, nor that he helped one of the boys to ring the bell and pump the organ in the Lutheran church. But when they caught him dividing all the Sabbath apple-cake among his friends, they punished him severely.

Angered by this punishment, he tried to run away with a company of village Catholics who were going on a pilgrimage to a neighboring town, where there was a sacred spring said to possess healing waters. It was then that he learned for the first time that he was not like the other children; for the driver of the wagon called him a "Schid" (Jew), and threw him out into the road. There his Uncle Isaac, who was his guardian, and a very strict orthodox Jew, found him and took him home to another punishment at the hands of his older brother.

The next day his uncle, who was horrified when he found how Edward had been mingling with the Gentiles, began to teach him the Hebrew alphabet, and every day he took the boy to the synagogue for prayers, all of which Edward had to learn by heart out of the Jewish prayer-book.

"My mind," he says, "never was with the prayers, which I could not understand. My eyes wandered mechanically up and down the walls. I knew how many

cracks they had, and how many rivulets of moisture came down from where the roof had leaked. I could tell the exact number of spindles in the railing of the gallery which divided the women from the men, for I must have counted them a thousand times. Whenever my uncle caught my wandering eyes, he brought me back to the prayer-book by poking me in the ribs, at times very forcibly."

Edward would have much preferred to wander with his Gentile playmates, Catholic or Protestant, but there was a difference now. They had begun to call him "Schid"; and even when he ran away to play with them, he felt that he was not one of them. Besides, in a short time he began to go to a regular school for Jewish boys, when for the first time the Austrian government sent to the village a teacher to start a school for the Jews. From this teacher Edward got for the first time an idea of what patriotism means, and he also got a glimpse of the great truth of the brotherhood of all men, so that wonderful thoughts of a world where all should be friends were rising in his mind, even while his former friends were rejecting his friendship.

Then there came a bitter winter, when the snows were piled almost to the roofs of the peasants' cottages, and a common danger united the people of the village.

"No one asked: 'Is this a Jew's house or a Magyar's *isba*? Is it the home of a Roman Catholic or of a Protestant, to which we are making a path?'"

Just before Christmas, it was found that one of a group of boys who were to go about singing carols,

dressed up as the three wise men, was snowbound in a distant farmhouse. The other boys offered to let him take the place of the absent wise man.

Wonderful crowns and a star were manufactured from gilt paper, and Edward was secretly drilled in the Christmas hymn. He was to represent the wise man from the land of the Moors; so when he sallied out in red robe and gilded crown, his face was covered by a liberal coat of stove-polish.

The "kings" made straight for the home of the *Pany*, the great man of the village, expecting fine gifts at this house, which looked like a palace to their eyes.

The *Pany*, who was a rough, brutal man, greeted them harshly, and told them to get done with their mummerly and be gone. Out of deference to the great man, the two Gentile boys promptly fell on their knees and began to sing their hymn. Edward remained standing, and, before the others were through singing, was in the midst of a fight with the *Pany's* son, who was trying to make him kneel. "Ordinarily," said Steiner in later years, "he would not have had a difficult task, but my wounded royal pride had given me unknown strength, and majestically I held my ground." Finally the struggling youngsters rolled on the floor, but the Jewish boy was on top.

The *Pany* rescued his son from the much-rumpled "king," and demanded of the victor why he wouldn't kneel.

"Because I am a king and not a peasant," cried the boy, "and I won't kneel to anyone."

Everybody laughed loudly, and the *Pany* hustled the royal visitor roughly down the broad stairs, speeding him with kicks and abuse. The child was trying to find his way out, half-blinded by the tears streaming down his blackened face, when a woman's gentle hand touched him in the dark and drew him into a lighted room. It was the *Pany's* sister, a maiden lady as noted for her good works as was her brother for his rudeness. She washed the little fellow's face, straightened his disordered clothing, filled his pockets with nuts and sweets, and as she led him out, kissed him on the forehead, saying, "Our Lord was a little Jewish boy, just like you."

Edward was sorely to need the memory of this Christian gentlewoman in the days to come, for often the people of the village, both Catholics and Protestants, raided the Jewish quarter on the slightest excuse, breaking windows and threatening to drive the Jews out of the town whenever one of the hated race did anything to displease them. So little of the true spirit of Christ did His followers display, that Edward wrote in later years, "Whenever I passed a cross I seemed to hear the Christ saying, 'Get out of here, you little Jewish boy; you crucified Me!'" Of Jesus as the Friend and Helper of all men, the boy had not the faintest idea.

One beautiful June Sabbath, Edward stayed away from the synagogue—to him a place of tiresome repetitions, where the Jewish business men bargained with each other between the chanting of the Psalms. Far



EDWARD A. STEINER

Our Lord was once a little Jewish boy like the lad who once played among the Carpathian Mountains the part of a "Wise Man of the East." A professor now, in an American college, and wise in sympathy and humor, he is held by many Americans, both new and old, to be still a veritable Wise Man, but a *Wise Man of both East and West.*

more real and dear to him was the simple worship of the home, where his pious mother would presently bless and light the Sabbath candles in preparation for the holy-day meal. Until it was time for her to do that, there wasn't much to do. So it happened that he was loitering around the village that Sabbath morning, and was on hand to witness the arrival in the omnibus of a strange-looking man. "Three quarters of a man," he declared himself; for a wooden leg and an empty sleeve appeared as the man left the vehicle, followed by a brass-bound trunk. The stranger was a Jew, a former townsman, who had run away to America and had fought and bled in the American Civil War.

Edward was shocked to see a Jew drinking *palenka*, the native whisky, and to hear him order pork for his dinner. To save him from such apostasy, he invited him home on the spot, and his good mother, pitying the homeless man, asked him to stay and live with them.

Out of the brass-bound trunk came various treasures—a huge American flag, a history of the Civil War, and a picture of a sad-faced man, which was hung on the wall of the old soldier's room. Edward asked many questions, and soon learned that the man's name was Abraham Lincoln.

"How is it," the boy inquired, "that this man, who was a Christian, was named Abraham?"

Then the soldier told him a wonderful story of a man with the faith of Abraham the patriarch, and a courage like that of Moses the liberator; a man who freed not

his own people, but a strange race of black men, from slavery.

The boy's imagination was kindled by the tale. He applied it at once to the evils he saw about him—not only those of his own race, but those under which all his neighbors suffered. The government under which they lived was harsh and oppressive to the poor; the judge of the village was a man of evil life, who condemned others for the things he openly did himself; and the police were cruel to those who were too poor to offer them bribes. A great longing to make things right arose in Edward's heart. He gathered a group of boys in the synagogue yard and made them a speech, trying to stir them to a promise that they would resist bad government and help the oppressed. The boys told the teacher, who gave the young revolutionist a whipping; and of all his great undertaking there was nothing left but bruises and a mournful comfort in looking at the picture of Lincoln and feeling some small share in his martyrdom.

One day the omnibus brought to town some visitors very different from the old soldier—a Jewish family richly attired, flashing with diamonds, who had lived for a number of years in America and had become rich in the business of distilling whisky. The boys of this family were quite different from those of the Hungarian village. They brought new games, new songs (including "Yankee Doodle"), and new books, chiefly Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, in an illustrated German edition. A new world was opened to Edward.

"I felt the glow of camp-fires, the joy of the chase, the hardships of adventure, the fierceness of battles and battle-cries. I drew the first plowshare over my prairie farm and defended my blockhouse against the redskins."

When the family went back to America, Edward was almost heartbroken. He had made all his plans to go to America, and, in time, to marry Maud, the rich man's daughter. He ran after the omnibus which carried them away and clung to it, only to be sent home in tears, and to receive the usual punishment from the heavy hand of his older brother.

Even after this disappointment had lost its sharpness, the thought of America remained. He made another effort to reach it by running away with an epileptic boy from the poorhouse. He spent all his money paying a hackman to drive them to the nearest railway station, where they were arrested as vagrants when they tried to board the train without tickets. After a night spent in jail with gypsies and thieves, he was rather relieved to be found by his brother, who gave him the inevitable whipping and then bought him breakfast before starting home.

This adventure made his mother decide to send him away to school; and it was not long before the omnibus carried him away to a distant town, where he attended a school taught by Jesuit fathers, though he was compelled by his religion to live in a Jewish family. Here he found plenty of hard mental discipline—"pages and pages of Latin, curious problems in mathematics, and

such history as they deigned to give us. They were painful years," he adds, in which he found little companionship and no satisfaction for the questions of his busy mind. These questions kept coming to the surface, and so greatly disturbed his teachers and classmates that the rector openly praised the Lord when the troublesome Jewish youth passed his final examinations and said good-by.

At the University of Heidelberg, to which he now went, he formed close friendships with a number of Russian students, who were always ready to sit up with him into the morning hours "vehemently discussing everything under the heavens." From them he learned to know Russian literature, and during one of his vacations he made a pilgrimage which opened new doors of thought—a journey into Russia to visit Tolstoy, the famous Russian nobleman, soldier, courtier and author, who laid aside all these things to live the life of a peasant in order to do, as he saw it, the will of God and to carry out the teachings of the Man of Nazareth.

From this earnest man he first heard the words of Jesus uttered without bitterness or narrowness. What surprised him was that Tolstoy's remedy for the ills of life was so exceedingly simple. Within himself, said Tolstoy, was the secret, and it was "to like the unlike, to love the unlovely, to regard wealth, place, honor, of no import, and to believe that the purpose of life is to do God's will."

One day they went out to the field, where the great

man took a scythe and cut grain with the peasants.

"Try it," he said to Edward; and after the young student had made some clumsy attempts and was wiping his perspiring face, Tolstoy said: "Young man, for a few minutes, at least, you have been doing the will of God. He has not made your hands merely to hold gloves and a cane and cigarettes, but to do useful, honest work."

But the greatest lesson that Tolstoy taught him was the oneness of all men.

"You are a Jew, I am a Russian," he would say to him; "yet I feel no difference in the touch of your hands, in the look of your eyes, and hear none as you speak to me. There are differences in the color of the skin, the shape of the nose and eyes, but beneath the surface we are all alike." And the way to bring this sense of brotherhood into all men's lives, he said, was the way of self-sacrifice: "Give everything, and ask nothing in return."

This visit made an impression on Edward's mind which he never lost. From that day forward his motto was, "All men are one."

The student was not to finish his university course. One year when he was at home for the spring vacation, a copyist from the office of the village judge came to his mother and offered for a certain sum to tell her an official secret, which would save her boy from arrest and punishment. Edward, whose sympathies were always with the poor and oppressed, may very easily have said something at one time or another that might

be understood as disloyal to the Austrian government which was never noted for impartial justice to all; but that the state could be seriously disturbed by the words of a nineteen-year-old boy was probably a fiction of the copyist's own mind, eager to make money by playing on a mother's fears. The man promised to keep the secret till the boy was safely across the border. In three days after leaving home, Edward Steiner was on the ocean, bound for America.

In those days—for this was about forty years ago—nobody bothered much about the comfort of immigrants crossing the sea. Into a space so small for the number of people it held that it was almost impossible to walk about, these poor travelers were packed like cattle. On stormy days, when the hatches were closed, the odors of the place became unbearable. Cleanliness was impossible, soap and water were luxuries scarcely to be had. On one vessel, drinking water for the steerage had to be stolen at night from the second cabin.

The food was miserable—chiefly soup made in immense kettles, and served in tin pails, with bread often so ill-baked as to be uneatable. Steiner says that though the steerage pays about one third as much passage money as the first cabin, it receives less than one per cent of sheltered deck space, not ten per cent of food value, and nothing in the way of courtesy or civility.

“And yet,” he adds,—and he learned this on his first voyage,—“the steerage holds a luxury which is growing rarer and rarer in the cabin—good fellowship.”

There were days of storm, when the terrified steerage passengers, under closed hatches among rattling chains and groaning planks, with water coming down the ventilators, thought their last hour had come. There was dreadful seasickness, with nobody to tell them that they were not going to die of it. And then there were calm and sunny days when they lay on the crowded deck drying their damp clothing by the steam-pipes, and starry nights when somebody would play an accordion and the folk-songs of many nations would be chanted hoarsely by the reviving wanderers. Sometimes they would even try to dance a mazurka or a czardas in a little cleared space.

There was prayer, too, in the steerage—devout Catholics telling their beads, Protestants humming their hymns, and a little group of faithful Jews gathering in a corner to sing their welcome to the Sabbath, with their faces, as nearly as they could tell, toward Jerusalem. There were unselfish and helpful deeds as the stronger yielded the best places, now and again, to the weaker. There was sympathy as one after another told the tale of poverty or persecution which was driving him to the new country.

And then, one day, there was quiet from the tossing of waves and a breathless silence in the steerage as its passengers looked across the water to the land that was soon to receive them. Then a rapture of joy—America at last! Hands were grasped, farewells were said, and the travelers disembarked upon a strange shore, to find the place of their fortune or their failure.

None of them all came with less cheerful prospects than young Edward Steiner. Knowing no English, with very little money, trained to no trade or profession, his one possession was a knowledge of a number of European languages, with a natural ability for language study. Of American ways he knew little.

His first purchase on landing was five cents' worth of bananas which he proceeded to eat with the skins on, nobody having told him any better. At his first meal at a lodging-house table, he meekly waited to have things handed to him, while the rest of the boarders gobbled everything. After he had paid for his supper and a night's lodging, he was left penniless; and the next day lived on ice-water, which was the only thing in the country he had so far found to be free.

All that day he wandered the streets looking for work. When evening came, he remembered that his mother had given him the address of a distant relative living in New York and he started out to find the place. The relative proved very distant indeed, for the tired boy walked over eighty blocks before he reached the house. He received a kind welcome, and a supper that tasted delicious after his day of fasting, and fell asleep in his chair while trying to answer all the questions asked him.

The following day, with a borrowed capital of twenty-five cents, he started down-town again to look for work. He visited about twenty hotels, only to be told they didn't need any Dutchmen. At one hotel he might have had a job assisting the bartender, but

he refused, having always a dislike for liquor and its traffic.

When he returned to his relatives at night, he was still without employment; but next day they secured him a job in a sweat shop where he was taught to guide a hot iron over cloaks. The iron weighed ten or fifteen pounds when he began, but by noon he was sure it weighed a ton. Worse than the unaccustomed work was the angry tongue of the red-haired Irish forewoman. "I was a presser, but she was the oppressor," he says; and when he scorched a garment that afternoon, he felt scorched all over by the time she was through with him.

When at last the end of the week arrived, the three dollars and fifty cents in his pay envelope made him supremely happy. He had also hope of better things; for some friendly fellow workers had directed him to a night school to study English, assuring him of a better job when he had learned it.

Unfortunately, the first person on whom he tried the new language was the Irish forewoman; and using, in his innocence, some English he "had learned out of school," he found to his amazement that she went in a rage to the boss, with the result that his next pay envelope bore a new English sentence, with which he was to grow only too familiar—"Your services are no longer required."

By the aid of some of the other pressers he got another job, this time as a cutter. He worked at this job about a month, going to night school every evening,

after a ten-hour working day. Then a "slack time" came, and again the pay envelope bore the unwelcome words. After that he worked by turns in a baker's shop, a feather-renovating establishment, and a sausage factory, earning barely enough to live on and becoming more discouraged every day.

Somewhere he had read the advice, "Go West, young man," and he determined to get away from New York. He crossed to Jersey City and bought a ticket as far as his money would take him, which was only to Princeton Junction. There he slept on the platform of the freight station, never dreaming that he was within sight of a great university where he would one day lecture with distinguished honors.

Next day he knocked at a farmhouse door and asked for work. The farmer proved to be a man who "specialized in greenhorns," getting their labor as cheap as possible and making of his farm "a new kind of sweat-shop." But the German housekeeper, Maria, took a fancy to the new hand, and when she discovered his love for books, she borrowed them for him from the farmer's library. The farmer caught him with some one day, and, though angry at first, promised finally to take him to the university in the fall and see what could be done for him there.

This promise kept the young man at the farm for some months, in spite of many discomforts, including the painful effort to do the cooking after Maria left. One day he walked to Princeton and actually rang the president's doorbell; but it was vacation time, and

nobody was at home. Finally he left the farm, unable to stand its exactions any longer. With ten dollars in his pocket, he took to the road again.

A young Russian Jew, selling tinware, overtook him and offered him a partnership. In the morning the peddler had disappeared, leaving the tinware, but taking with him Steiner's ten dollars. The deserted partner carried the tinware almost to Philadelphia, and finally disposed of it for a few dollars to a hotel-keeper in a small town. Entering Philadelphia, he walked the streets for miles in search of the one thing there he most desired to see—the Liberty Bell.

He left again by train that evening, expecting to go as far as his money would carry him. The conductor put him off late at night among the tobacco fields of eastern Pennsylvania, and once more he found a farmer to employ him.

Here he worked till autumn, and then moved westward again, this time to a steel mill in "darkest Pittsburgh," where he pushed an immense hot caldron from a room whose temperature was over two hundred degrees out into a cold shed, so that his hands were often scorched by the heat while his feet were nearly frozen. At the end of the day, he says, "All my senses seemed to go to sleep at once," and he lay too utterly exhausted to care for anything but rest, in a crowded, stuffy boarding house where any kind of a bath was an almost impossible luxury.

From steel to coal was his next move. In Connells-ville he found work in an underground "world of men

and mules," where he labored as a helper for a dollar a day. Soon there came a strike, and while trying to go to work he was seized by strikers, beaten and left insensible, and woke to find himself in the county jail. There he was kept six months because an old, rusty revolver was found on him—the gift of a dying man he had befriended in Pittsburgh.

After his final release, penniless, he set out to tramp to Chicago, working at various things by the way. His chief impression of Chicago was of solid blocks of saloons, with whirling wheels of chance to strip the last penny from the pockets of their frequenters. He worked there first at digging cellars, later in a machine shop. And there he found friends among the Bohemians, before whom—in a saloon—he made his first public speech on the teachings of Tolstoy.

More strikes and riots, and scarcity of employment drove him forth again into the great harvest fields of Minnesota. Here he found work with a well-educated farmer whose family made friends with him and whose evening household prayers touched him strangely; though because he was still under the influence of certain skeptical books, he was at that time averse to all religion. Here, in this quiet household, he began to dream of a peaceful farm life on broad and fertile acres of his own. But the harvesting was soon over, and once more he moved—this time to a mining town in Illinois where he lived and worked among Slovak laborers for whom he started English classes, wrote letters, and did all manner of generous things.

His next move was to a near-by city where he worked in a factory owned by the head of the Jewish family who had brought to his home town a glimpse of the wonders of America. One of the sons was manager, but none of the family recognized him. When he got up courage to call upon them, he found that even Maud had forgotten him; but when he was recalled to their memory, they treated him kindly and offered to help him find better employment. On one of his visits, they proposed his studying law. He gave his reasons against it so fluently that Maud remarked in jest, "He talks like a rabbi!"

This was a suggestion that was taken seriously by the family, who urged him to go to a Hebrew college. He felt that his religious views were not such as a rabbi should hold; but they pressed him at least to go and study, suggesting that he might become a teacher if he did not wish to be a rabbi. Persuaded at last, he did finally start east to the college, working his way by labor on a cattle train.

On the way a rough Irish youth, who had robbed him and had been threatened with arrest when they reached their destination, tripped him one evening as he was running on top of the moving train. Steiner fell from the car and rose with a painfully injured leg, to limp into a little town near by. While recovering, an influential Jewish woman helped him to a clerkship, and here at last he found a chance for real mental life. He gathered a small library in the back of the store, bought a microscope, and started a Natural Science

Club. He also taught a modern-language class organized by the public school-teachers. He found other chances to use his knowledge of languages to help many immigrants who had to change cars at the town, which was a junction point, and presently the town officials began to use him in cases concerning people who spoke foreign languages.

But best of all was the contact with Christian people who made religion a matter of daily practice. He began to attend a church whose pastor, and also the pastor's wife, seemed to him real examples of Christian character.

Yet he hesitated to change his faith. Then he met a young woman of Jewish birth, whose parents had become earnest and active Christians. The story of their sincere, unselfish life convinced him that a Jew can really become a Christian without losing what is best in his own faith. From that time his way was clear.

"When one meets Jesus of Nazareth," he says, "there is no way back; there are new marching orders, and they call 'Forward!'"

Not long afterward, the man who had started to be a rabbi was a student for the Christian ministry. At the first service he attended in Oberlin College chapel, the Scripture was the saying of St. Paul about those who "are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens." It seemed to Edward Steiner as if the text had been chosen expressly for him.

Those words rang again in his memory a few months

later, when he walked seven miles from Oberlin to the county seat to receive his papers as an American citizen. He was part of America now—of the land of brotherhood for all; but brotherhood, he had learned, could be found only in the fellowship of Jesus Christ.

As a minister in the various parishes he served, his passion was always the helping of the man who was down—the poorest and neediest, particularly newcomers in America. His own experiences had made him familiar with almost every trouble and difficulty of the immigrant, and it was his delight to serve such lonely and bewildered folks. Sometimes his congregation did not see the duty as he did and objected to having the needs of the immigrant brought to their attention and the foreigner seated in their pews. Then he would leave them and go elsewhere.

He began to use his vacations for trips to Europe and back in the steerage, to study more closely its conditions and their remedy. He brought abuses to the attentions of the immigration authorities; befriended every class and nationality on the voyage and at the port; and began the writing of the series of books which has made him known as an authority on immigration problems. Best known of these are *On the Trail of the Immigrant*, *The Immigrant Tide, its Ebb and Flow*, and his own story, *From Alien to Citizen*. Beside this he has lectured all over the country, trying to make us older Americans see our duty and privilege in helping newcomers. He shows us the immigrant as

he is—neither a beast nor a hero, but just a human being like ourselves, who will make a good or a bad citizen according to the treatment he gets from us.

Not all of this happened at once. It began while he was in the active ministry, but has reached its height since he became Professor of Applied Christianity in Grinnell College, Iowa, about twenty years ago. He has crossed the ocean to Europe and back more than thirty times in the interest of the immigrant of every nationality. He has taken groups of young Americans abroad with him to study the races sympathetically in their Old World surroundings.

He compares himself to a shuttle in the hands of the Master Weaver, thrown back and forth across the sea to weave the Old World and the New together. With his gift for speaking many languages and his greater gift of sympathy with all kinds of people, he has truly woven many threads of friendship and helpfulness that can never be broken.

"If a good fairy," he writes, "were to come from the fairyland of my childhood, and were to ask me to make three wishes, and she would grant them all, I could make but one wish. Not for wealth, though I could use it; not for strength, although I need it; not for wisdom, although I lack it. My one wish, and this the fairies cannot grant me, would be that I may have grace given me to be a man to the end, and to the end love my brother man with all the passion of my soul."

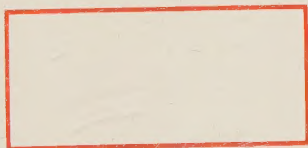


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